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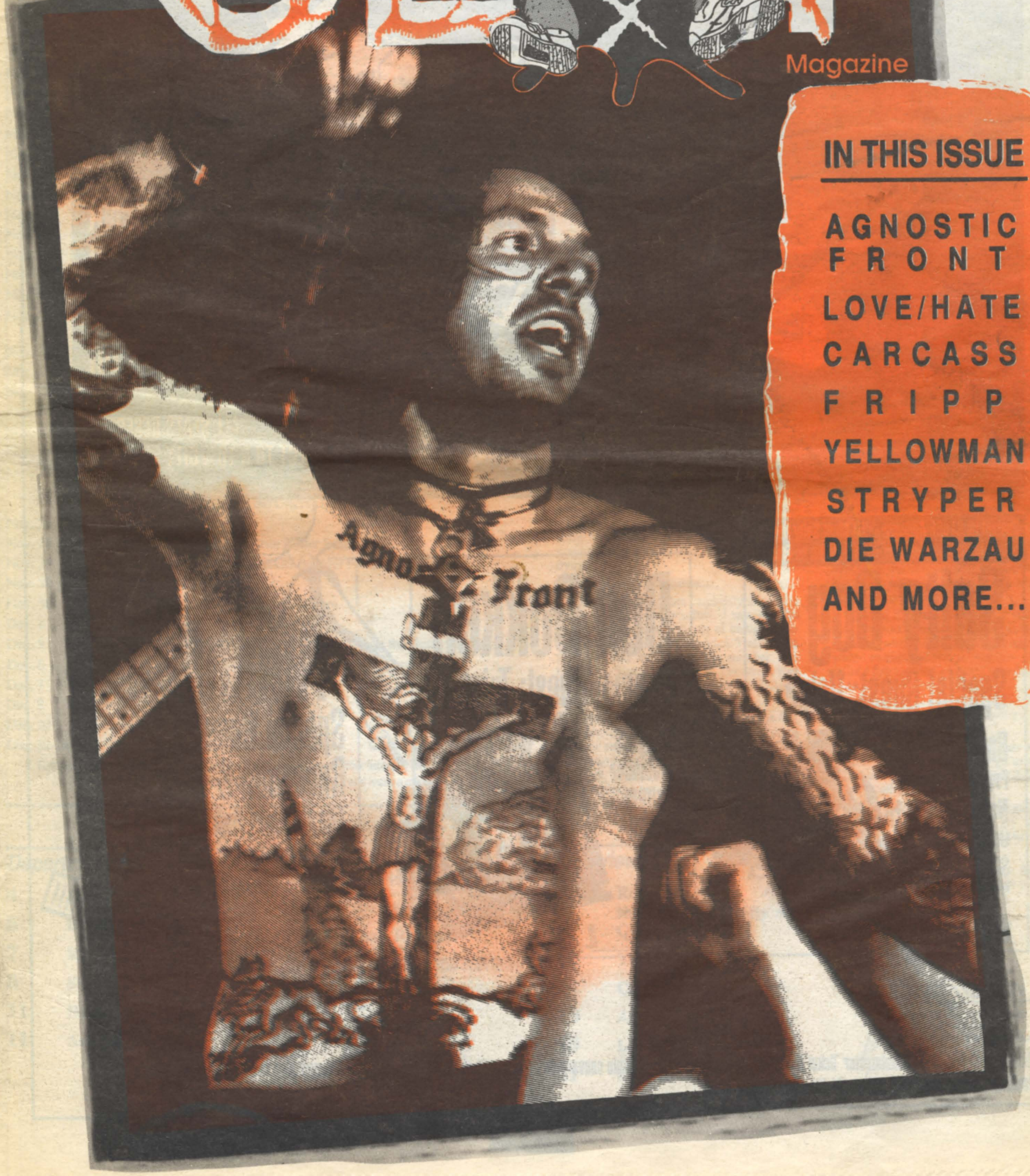
Volume 1
Number 8

CLOT™

Magazine



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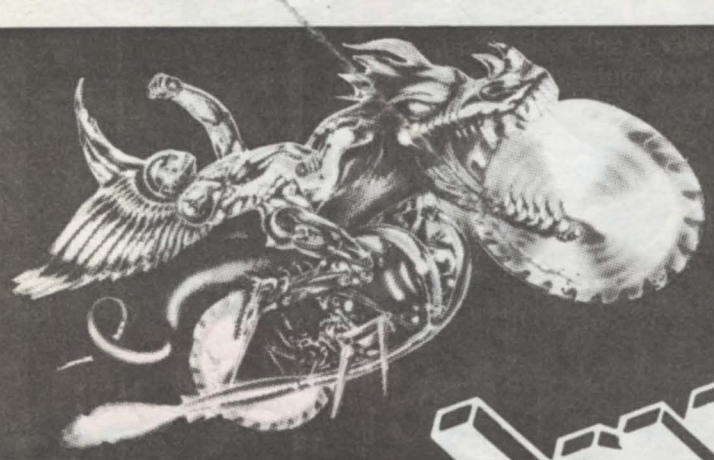
LOVE/HATE
CARCASS
FRIPP
YELLOWMAN
STRYPER
DIE WARZAU
AND MORE...

Fey concerts

105.9 KBPI ROCKS THE ROCKIES

FEY CONCERTS AND KBPI BRING YOU METAL MADNESS . . .



JUDAS PRIEST

WITH SPECIAL GUEST

MEGADETH

AND

TESTAMENT

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Concerts and stuff

Nov. 1	*Robert Fripp & the League of Crafty Guitarists* at Tulagi's
Nov. 2	*Wretched Refuse, Wanker, Asbestosaurus & The Decadent* at the Underground
Nov. 2	*Robert Fripp & the League of Crafty Guitarists* at Tulagi's
Nov. 2	*Swingin' Teens* at the Broadway
Nov. 3	*Heavy Heat, Bush Rockets & Out of Order* at the Aztlan Theatre
Nov. 3	*Cries & Whispers* at the Broadway
Nov. 3	*Beat Farmers & Up the Neck* at Tulagi's
Nov. 5	*Julee Cruise & Steve Cruz & Pop Poverty Blues* at the Garage
Nov. 5	*Tyrant* at Bangles
Nov. 5	*Ultra Vivid Scene* at the Mercury Cafe
Nov. 7	*Sonic Youth* at the Gothic Theatre
Nov. 7	*Tyrant* at the Broadway
Nov. 9	*Salty Dog & Valor* at Bangles
Nov. 9	*The Soup Dragons* at the Garage
Nov. 10	*Salty Dog & Valor* at Bangles
Nov. 10	*The Railway Children & The Heart Throbs* at the Garage
Nov. 11	*Mary's Danish* at the Mercury Cafe
Nov. 11	*Living Colour* at Regis College Fieldhouse
Nov. 11	*ZZ Top & Johnny Van Zant* at McNicholsArena
Nov. 12	*Don Dokken, Trixter & Damen Wiylde* at Bangles
Nov. 12	*ZZ Top & Johnny Van Zant* at McNichols Arena
Nov. 13	*Alien Sex Fiend* at the Garage
Nov. 13	*Warren Zevon* at the Boulder Theatre
Nov. 13	*T.S.O.L.* at the Broadway
Nov. 17	*Tyrant* at the Outback Saloon
Nov. 17	*Phantasmorgasm, The Screw & Headcleaner* at the Washington Park Community Center.
Nov. 18	*Israel Vibration & Roots Radics* at the Glenn Miller Ballroom
Nov. 19	*The Beautiful* at the Broadway
Nov. 20	*Judas Priest, Megadeth & Testament* at McNichols Arena
Nov. 20	*Soul Asylum* at the Mercury Cafe
Nov. 23	*Damen Wiylde* at Bangles
Nov. 23	*GBH* at the Mercury Cafe
Nov. 25	Street Relief II benefit with *The Byrds, Timothy P. & the Rural Route 3, Big Head Todd & the Monsters, Chris Daniels & the Kings & Firefall* at the Grizzly Rose
Nov. 26	*Tyrant* at Bangles
Nov. 28	*That Special Beat* at the Glenn Miller Ballroom
Nov. 30	*The Allman Bros Band* at the CU Boulder Fieldhouse
Nov. 30	*Lock Up* at the Broadway
Nov. 30	*Cocteau Twins* at the Paramount Theatre
Dec. 1	*Doc Watson* at the Gothic Theatre
Dec. 5	*Mojo Nixon, Dead Milkmen & The Cave Dogs* at the Gothic Theatre
Dec. 6	*Jane's Addiction & Primus* at Mammoth Events Center
Dec. 7	*Cherry Street* at the Broadway
Dec. 8	*Again & Rotoflow* at Quigley's
Dec. 10	*Damen Wiylde* at Bangles
Dec. 12-14	*The Grateful Dead* at McNichols Arena

Got a gig you want listed? To make the December issue we need your listing by NOVEMBER 25.
Mail to P.O. Box 481343, Denver 80248, or call 455-5312 and leave a message.

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By Ted Garcia

Andrew E. Frey

Once again, here we are. But just where are we? I suppose we could be, past that point, and on to the next one, on the verge of something and not knowing if the original experiment was successful. It could be this, or maybe it's just that we're one step closer to dying.

Think before you listen....

As the laughing man carelessly threw the bottle from the car window, I saw his life shatter into a million shards of being on the asphalt. No one seemed to notice. Traffic kept moving, and multiplied the number and halved the size of the shards. The street was fed, but the earth bled. Where are our fucking brains?

Yes, this issue is different. From the full page photo on the cover to the Rx column, to our new regae column, called The Ras Clot (this month featuring Yellowman), LOCAL BLOOD, a new section dedicated to local releases, and more. We've got Ask Analea (a column dedicated to answering all those nasty pieces of mis-information about the occult), our usual Hemp update, Videomania, and Denver's hottest gossip column, BLOODLINE.

Colorado has a good enough scene to support a music magazine, and we're doing our best to be the magazine of choice. You'll be hearing a lot more about CLOT Magazine, and in many more places.

If your tired of losing all of the "good" musicians to other areas (although they often come crawling back), show your support and attend as many shows as possible. There are quite a few coming up in the near future, and from many different genres too. Don't be scared to try a new place out either. Some of the venues are new and desperately need your support to stay in business.

By the same token, if you see an ad in CLOT and it prompts you to go to a certain merchant, tell 'em you saw it in CLOT. This helps us all out.

While swallowing and then pulling the 13-inch night-crawler from my throat, I began to blow bubbles with the mucous oozing from my nose.

So anyway, while we were gone, we moved too! Please note the change of address and phone number.

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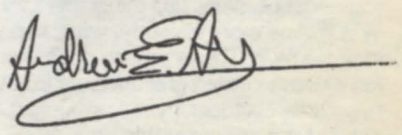

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LETTERS TO FRXD

Troubles with your carburetor, flying food, or small animals that emit noxious fumes in the night?

Let FRXD (Fred with an "X") help!

FRXD can answer questions about anything. From understimulation, to music questions to the theory of relativity. Let FRXD be the fiend in your future.

Let FRXD help. Just write:

FRXD
c/o CLOT Magazine
PO Box 481343
Denver, CO 80248

Dear FRXD,

Please send me issue #2 of CLOT and info on the issue with Bob Larson on the cover. I listen to "Talk Back" every day. It is the funniest thing on the radio. I heard about CLOT on Bob's show and I've been looking for it every since. I almost gave up until I saw your ad in *Banzai.*

Thanx,

Kelly Carter
W. Des Moines, Iowa

P.S. I hear the Bob Laron is pretty gory. I would love to have a poster or T-shirt.

Dear Kelly,

It's always nice to hear from someone who knows and understands "Talk Back" the way you do. Since you were listening to the show the day Bob got all riled about about me decapitating him on the cover of CLOT, I'd thought I'd give you a little background on what was happening during that show.

First a "Talk Back" producer called Andrew on the day of the show and wanted him to come on the show. But he didn't know anything about Bob Larson, and so he wanted other CLOT people to do the talking back. But when Rx tried to call in and get on the show, Bob wouldn't allow it unless she would agreed to give verbal consent that said Bob could use/edit/sell tapes of her conversation for any purpose he wished.

She said no, but wanted to come on the show the next day or whatever. Being the open-minded guy he is, Bob said (through his assistants) "It's now or never." Right, Bob. Anyway, he went on a tirade about how the CLOT people "wanted his head on a platter, just like John the Baptist!"

His latest silliness appears in the October issue of the *Denver Christian News.* In a column called "Black Metal Mayhem," Larson runs down everyone from my old pal King Diamond to Slayer, Ozzy and even Metallica. Can you believe he thinks their anti-war song "One" "lauds death as a welcome friend"? And he goes on to say that "with teenagers listening to such lyrics, it's no wonder 6,000 of them commit suicide each year." I recommend sending a letter to that publication (P.O. Box 100, Parker, CO) to let them know just how seriously Bob is taken. Like you say, the guy's fuckin' hilarious! Denverites can tune into "Talk Back" weekdays from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. on KLTT 80 AM. See Bob, I'm helping you "save souls" already.

Eternally,

FRXD

Yo FRXD,

I just had to comment about the cover of CLOT's Vol. 1 #7 (I guess that'd be the September issue), the one with the biker dude and his scoot. I noticed he's wearing colors that read "Sturgis—1940—50 Years" etc., etc. Well, I'd like to straighten something out. The Sturgis motorcycle rally actually started in 1938, but during World War II they had to cancel it for two years. Just a little bit of info for all the CLOT heads that didn't know from a biker who does.

Metal Forever,

Libber T.

P.S. Tipper sucks!!!

Dear Libber T.:

Thanks for straightening those stoners out, dude. Anyhow, I'm less concerned with this little error than with that "World War II" that you mention in your thoughtful correspondence. Does this mean there was a WWI? And more urgently, when can we expect a WWIII? As you no doubt know, I have been exposed great horrors in my life (my "little accident," you know), and am not up for a nuking at this time.

FRXD

FRXD,

Please help. As of late my mind has been really fucked. Thoughts of rape, murder and mutilation (self-inflicted and outwardly as well) plague me. I would mention a few of my sickening ideas, but I know people out there many take them as suggestions. Trust me there: Not for the weak-stomached. Anyhow, a week or so ago I nearly raped a girl. However, she was willing, so it wasn't rape. Any ideas, FRXD?

Sincerely Fucked Up,

No One

P.S. Fuck Shrinks

Dear Sincerely Fucked Up,

I'm unhappy that you would think I might recommend counseling. I want to be your agent. If your thoughts are as demented as you say they are, together we could make trillions! Look at Stephen King: The guy slaps his sickest thoughts onto paper and entertains millions. If you can write a letter, you can write a book, Sincerely Fucked Up. And about that girl: If she was willing, it doesn't sound like a problem to me.

Sincerely Fucked Up Too,

FRXD

Dear FRXD,

I was wondering if someone could order your magazine and have it sent to someone's house every month, or whenever you publish it out. If so I would like to order it!

Thank you,

Sandi Baker

Dear Miss Baker,

I was wondering, have you always spelled your name with an "i"? Regarding this "someone" ordering this fine news journal and having it sent to "someone"....well, it all depends on who that "someone" is.

FRXD

CLOT™ Magazine

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Cover photo of Roger Miret by Andrew Frey

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From the latest trail of blood, **Fluid** bassist **Matt Bischoff** slashed some serious flesh on his fingers so the band had to postpone their tour (to who knows where) for two weeks. The band is out on the road now, opening for **Sonic Youth**.....Speaking of bassists, **Shannon**, the former bass player for **Twice Wilted**, was not booted from the band, but rather left on her own accord. The other Wilteds would have worked with her, but it was her decision. The once-stiff Twice Wilted have filled the open bass position with the younger brother of the guitarist (see show review).

Photo by Andrew Frey

Shannon

Cremation, and say to watch for "Demo 90," which is in currently in the works. What the remaining trio of Anathemates is up to is anyone's guess.....Mainstream metal ("good mainstream metal," says psycho-publisher **Andrew Frey**), **Honest Ingin** has put out a new two-song demo: "Boogie Man" and "Strange Luv" are the tunes.....**Tyrant's Reign** have changed their name to **Incarnate Fear**, and bassist **Brian** (he has no last name) has been replaced by ex-**Angellic Rage** bassist **Lane Patterson**.....There's been a slaughter here! Springs-based "speed-metal morons" **Animosity** have a new singer, **Mark Carol**, and new songs and are rearin' to go. Where, we don't know.....The funk-metal of **Phantasmorgasm** will be heard again soon, with **Michael Colin** carrying on with two new members. Watch for gigs at Herman's Hideaway.....**Brian Hagman** of **Wretched Refuse** says of the band's upcoming gig at the Underground: "We have been repressed, both musically and sexually, for months, so the show should be orgasmically explosive (pretty good)." Having experienced WR at Boulder's Penny Lane late last summer (the last gig?), we somehow believe him.....Attention drummers, Deadheads and mythology freaks everywhere: **Grateful Dead** percussionist **Mickey Hart** has published a book on "ancient rhythmic traditions" and related topics. Hart will be at the Tattered Cover on Dec. 1 to read and sign copies of "Drumming at the Edge of Magic."....For all the gory details of the **Judas Priest** murder trial, pick up the November issue of SPIN magazine (yeah, the one with **Jon Bon Jovi** on the cover.) This issue features more metal than usual, and also contains a good interview with Def American producer **Rick Rubin**, who is on the edge of severing (if he hasn't already) his label's distribution deal with Geffen. The problem: Houston's no-compromise rappers, the **Geto Boys**.....Guitar virtuoso **Joe Satriani**, who has served as teacher to such noteworthy guitarists as **Metallica's Kirk Hammet** and **Alex Skolnick** of **Testament**, played his last gig with drummer **Jonathan Mover** and bassist **Stu Hamm** at the Arizona State Fair in Phoenix on Oct. 18.....**Guns 'N Roses** are reportedly suing K-Mart for using the band's name and photos for a toy drum set and marketing it without their permission. K-Mart sucks....."The biggest killer on the planet is stress, and I still think the best medicine is and always has been cannabis." —**Willie Nelson**.....Caroline Records has released an self-titled album by **Kinghorse**, which is produced by King of the Darkness **Glenn Danzig**, as well as Final Descent, a previously unavailable album by one of Danzig's former bands, **Samhain**. And just in time for All Hallow's Eve.....Censorsip Watch: We're sure many of you are wondering what happened to **GWAR**, who were supposed to bring their bodily fluids filled fun to Denver last month. Well, **Beefcake the Mighty** (CLOT #5) and friends got no further than Charlotte, North Carolina (home of **Jim** and **Tammy Baker's** PTL Club!), where lead vocalist **Oderous Urungus** was busted on Sept. 18 on a felony charge of "disseminating obscenities." Just the latest in a string of censorship attempts, but the success of the

BLOODLINE

Meanwhile, Shannon is rumored to be starting an all-girl band, with **Rok Tots** bassist **Kristi Wilson** on drums.....The Capital Hill Soap Opera continues with the announcement of the potential birth of two new bands from the splitting mutation of **That Mosaic Feeling**.....Over in **Jux County**, guitarist **Michael Serviolo** has left the farm and set out on his own to search for the meaning of **Bovek**. After returning from their August tours of the northwest and southwest, he said goodbye to his brothers, who will continue on as a three-piece. You now what they say: TO BE SUCCESSFUL YOU HAVE TO SURVIVE THE ROAD. Only diamonds and AIDS last forever.....Speaking of Pitbulls With AIDS, **Dog Bite** just found its way home from their first long journey through the neighborhoods of the West Coast. They opened for the Fluid in San Francisco. The bad news is, the van got broken into, boooo; the good news is, the equipment wasn't in it, yeeaahh! Nice boy, SIT!.....For those with Arachnophobia, **Pil Bug** vocalist Iggy—no wait—**Augy** has lost it, and the keyboardist was forced to walk the plank. Now Pil Bug is crawling as a three-piece.....Has this been the month for divorces, or what? It's sad but true: **Anathema** is no more. The late, great gindcore band's former frontman, bassist **Tom Clenin**, has joined forces with ex-**Sloter** members **Leonard Leal, Anthony Chavez** and **Lawrence Erickson**. They call themselves

Photo by Andrew Frey

Tom Clenin
What! No more Anathema?

2 Live Crew case and the continual support of fans and labels, this nonsense will soon cease. Says Metal Blade's **Brian Slagel** of the situation: "We support our band's right to freedom of speech and artistic expression. We support GWAR fully. We feel that this is another example of the state of censorship in this county." Let's hope the label still feels that way when the legal bills start rolling in.....Venue Alert: Look forward to the re-opening of two new ***old*** clubs: **Marilyn Megenity's** legendary Mercury Cafe at 2195 California (check concert calendar for dates), and the Concert Hall (88th & Washington), which has been half-a-dozen things in the past, but was most recently Club Maxxx. The first TCH show scheduled is the thrash-metallic **Annihilator**, on Dec. 8.....Two of the funkiest

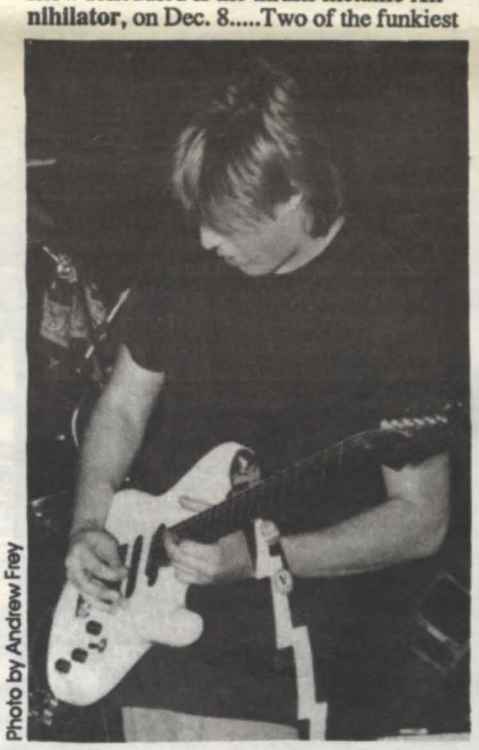

Photo by Andrew Frey

Mike Colin
Phantasmorgasm may live again...

rock bands around, San Francisco's **Primus** (with **Jane's Addiction** on Dec. 6 at Mammoth) and L.A.-based **Lock Up** (Nov. 30 at the Broadway), whose show is worth seeing just for vocalist **Brian Grillo's** psycho-primitive artwork, return to Denver in the near future. Lot's of sweaty dancing should be on the menu for both shows; if you go in for that sort of thing and can make it, we'll see you there. —CLOT STAFF

KTCL Presents
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Gothic Theatre

KTCL Presents
Mary's Danish
Sunday November 11 8pm
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KTCL Presents
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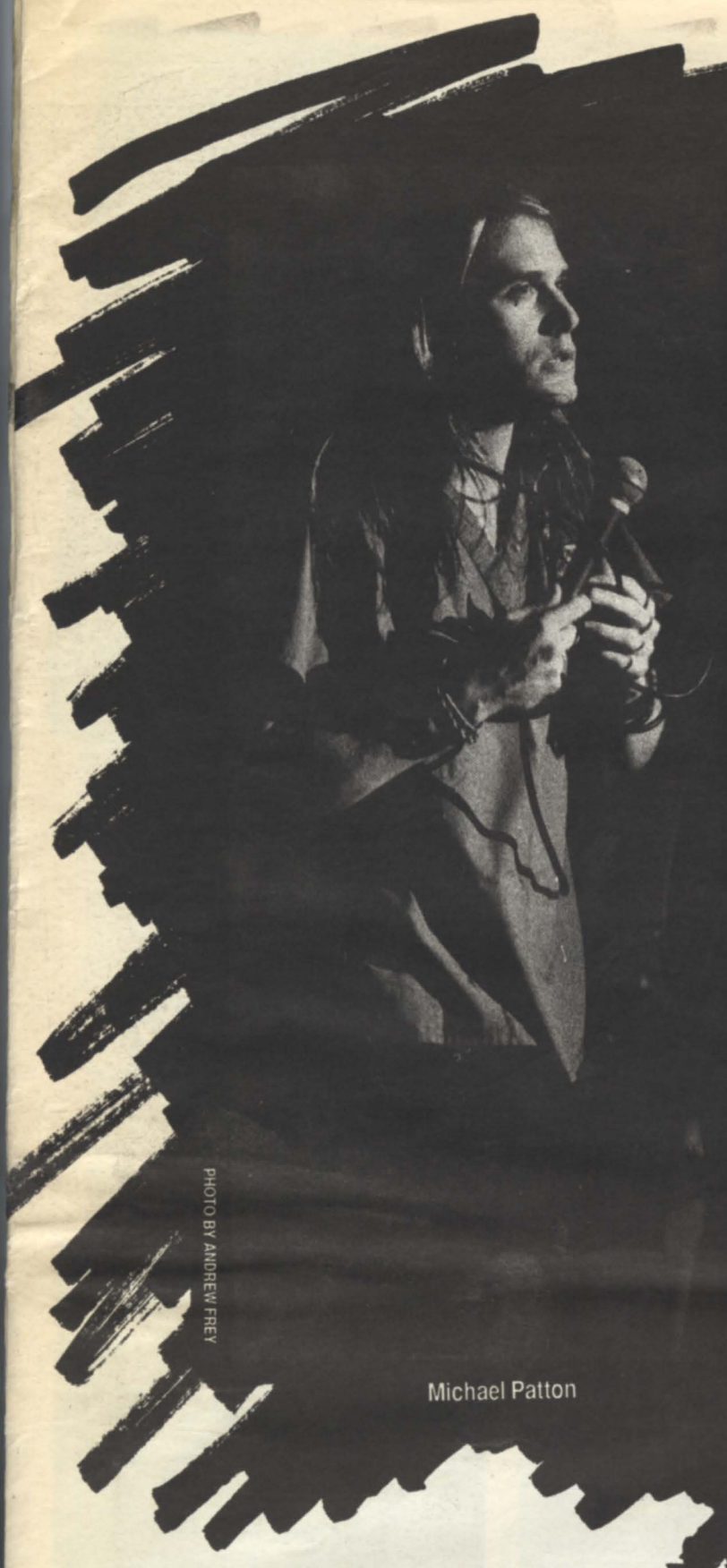

PHOTO BY ANDREW FREY

Michael Patton

Rx COLUMN

FAITH RESTORED: When I reported on FAITH NO MORE's sold-out show at the Garage last April, I noted that this would probably be our last chance to mosh to this band in such an intimate setting, and I was right. Or at least that's what I assumed when it was announced that FNM's next Denver appearance (Oct. 15) was to be with BILLY IDOL at McNichols Arena.

But boy was I wrong. From what vocalist MICHAEL PATTON and bassist BILLY GOULD told us during Idol's set (which we missed completely in favor of spending that time with FNM), the band has no problem playing arenas *per se*—they sounded just as good in McNichols as they did in the Garage—but like us, they prefer all-ages shows where everyone can work up a sweat. After the Idol tour ends (Dec. 1), that's the route they hope to resume. Besides, each band member is making only $20 per night opening for Idol.

After pigging on pizza (vegetarian, for any animal-rights activists still concerned about the health of The Fish) and beer, we traded T-shirts with our gracious hosts and turned them on to the last four issues of CLOT. They especially liked #5 (great FMN photos from the Garage show) and #6, since they're big WARLOCK PINCHERS' fans. They also coveted my Pinchers "Official Time of Satan" watch, but it takes more than a hug from soul god Michael Patton to get that puppy off my wrist. Well, not much more.

Too wired to sleep, we hit the Broadway just in time to catch THE EUPHORICS' first song, a cover of THE DOORS' "L.A.Woman." At least we didn't have to hear Billy Idol butcher it like he does in that abysmal video. After a couple more sleep-inducing numbers we headed south for a beer at that old favorite, the 404 Club, then ended the night at the Cinema Lounge, a classic bar on Colorado near Alameda. Cheap beer, two pool tables and Faith No More on the jukebox: The perfect ending to a perfect Monday, of all days.

THE VOICE OF A NEW DEGENERATION: That's the slogan on LAB RAT's *dance like a pig* cassette, and it's one we embrace totally. If I'm not mistaken, this heavenly noise project is the work play of PATRICK BARBER (who recorded the classic "Megadeth Sells (But Who Cares?)" with EXPATRIATE) and company, who are also known as (among other things) THE KID FROM DELIVERANCE and BLOWHOLE, my new jazz-punk fave.

In fact, I was once a member of Blowhole. I'm not sure if I quit or got the boot, but I do know (photos exist) that I blew the official Blowhole horn on Oct. 6 at Zenobia's. Which was only appropriate, since it was a benefit for PAUL DICKERSON of We Never Sleep. Dickerson is still dealing with legal hassles stemming from the bust of last June's CRASH WORSHIP show (see FRXD), at which I was also arrested (failure to obey, you know). They tell me THE STARE and CHOOSEY MOTHERS (have they really been banned from the Broadway?) also played, but it's all just a haze....

Anyway, Dickerson says his attorney is confident that the charges will ultimately be dropped by the City Attorney, who said the ordinances he allegedly violated were so obscure that he needed more time to look them up before making a decision. Meanwhile, Dickerson says he is wary of putting on any more independent shows, and that if a band called him to do a show he wouldn't know what to say—or where to put them.

It's really sad to see independents shut down completely. Sure, there are still things like the ANGELLIC RAGE party scene, but for someone to host a station-wagon-level hardcore band (or an international performance art/noise artist, as is Dickerson's specialty), something so obscure that 100 people is a huge turnout, is almost impossible these days. I'd rather "fail to obey" than give up the right to see and hear what often turn out to be memorable shows with great new bands.

– Roxanna Alday

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3 Derek Ventura
9 4th Republic/Filter
10 World Report

Jams

16 Losing Juliet
17 Mr. Percy & Sisters of Mercy
23 Nixons
24 Trilogy
30 40th Day/Time Beings

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Show Reviews

Love/Hate\Dio

September 11: Auditorium Theater

As I entered the Auditorium Theatre I found myself plagued by 20 minutes of paperwork. I had to sign disclaimers to DIO stating that in case of (or when) I get 300-degree body burns from the stage pyro-sparklers, that I couldn't sue.

I missed half of Cold Sweat's set, but judging by the crowd's response and the guys next to me having thumb wrestling matches, I had not missed a thing! But in between wrestling matches, I viewed Cold Sweat and they were really good (maybe it audience nap time?). But I was ready to see Love\Hate, since I their last Denver appearance a couple of months back at Bangles (No snide remarks on what happened there please...COUGH, COUGH!! See the Love\Hate interview in this issue for more info on that.)

As the lights went out, Jimi Hendrix' "Are You Experienced" played over the P.A. while LVH drummer Joey Gold walked out to his kit and started beating like a maniac. Skid then added some antics by carrying a cross made of Budweiser cans on stage. He then began a ritualistic, spastic dance under the strobe lights.

The eye-piercing lights stopped and Love\Hate took the stage. They jammed into a frenzy and riffed out "Blackout In The Red Room." As the show progressed they bounced from one end of the stage to the other, doing such album favorites like "One More Round," "Tumbleweed" and "She's An Angel." The special treat for the night was when they played an unreleased song called "Wasted In America," soon to be their next big hit, no doubt. They ened the set with that ever-so-eventful song, "Why Do You Think They Call It Dope?" I was happy to have finally seen Love\Hate, and with absolutly no disappointment, even having to wait those extra months that to see them. (COUGH, COUGH)

The main event of the evening was the 20-minute-paperwork man: DIO. His stage set consisted of two levels, the top level, which was about 25-feet high, held the drummer and keyboardist, while the stage level had the guitar, bass and DIO. A large rampway curved around stage right and left, connecting the two levels. There were wolf fangs standing fifteen feet tall bordering the ramps. There was also enough explosive effects to set Tipper Gore's house ablaze. A very impressive set.

When DIO took the stage, it was first engulfed in smoke, and then mysteriously, he appeared. He instantly had the audience in a roar. DIO put together a good variety of songs from his old stuff, new stuff and even some Black Sabbath. Of course he did "Holy Diver," an extended, twelve-minute version of "Last In Line," and "We Rock." He also mixed in a couple of the exciting songs from his latest album with the Sabbath classic "Heaven and Hell," which he did really well.

The rest of the band also performed well; the keyboardist had a giant keyboard come down from the ceiling, then began playing a solo with the board swaying all around. When he played into a frenzy, the board started to smoke, then rose above his head, where it exploded (not literally). As for the seventeen-year-old guitar player...well the only thing I have on him is that I can legally buy cigarettes (DAMN that kid can play!!!)

The only disappointment of the night was that I didn't get the chance to combust or ignite during the spark showers. I guess I should have worn a can's worth of hair spray. —Joel Wojcik

Holy Soldier

October 11: The Gothic Theatre

The show began disappointingly with the cancellation of the scheduled warm-up band, White Cross. With this, the headliner Holy Soldier might have had some apprehension overcoming the crowds disappointment, but the band came out ready to make up for the no-show.

Holy Soldier's new singer, Eric Wayne, led the band in every song from the earlier-released, self-titled album. His style and range are quite different from that of the former singer, Steven Patrick, who recorded all the songs on the album. But Eric did a great job performing the songs close to Patrick's style. Yet it should be said that Eric's talent proves that future Holy Soldier albums will rock with his original sound. The lead guitarists, Jamie Cramer and Micheal Cutting, performed exciting solos, along with Terry Russell's wild drum solo, complete with whiffle bats.

The joy of spreading God's word shines through every member of this band. Their stage presence, excellent lyrics, and great rock and roll combined to please a nearly full house at the Gothic. —Patty Hecht

Twice Wilted/Francis Theory

September 28: The Garage

Upon entering the ever-pretentious 23 Parrish, I headed over to the purple felt pool table to check out the action. I was standing only a minute when I was verbally insulted by one of the many assholes that place themselves in the surrounding chairs. I calmly returned a comment describing the placement of a beer bottle up one's anal canal. I then decided to head for the refuge of the Garage. I got a cold beer.

The Garage, with its many "looks," had giant tree branches hanging down from the ceiling and set-up against the front sides of the stage. With the lighting, the masking of leaves around the stage gave an eery back-to-nature atmosphere.

The first band up was Francis Theory, which appeared on stage as a four piece. The lead singer, with his peach fuzz head and mean sneer, yelped and cried out lyrics that made his body tighten and strain. Although, he was truly impassioned in what he was saying, you could not understand him due to the sound effects.

He had a stand next to him where he controlled different effects pedals, like reverb and echo. Using this distorted vocal technique, he was able to create some pretty psychedelic sounds with his voice. The singer seemed to be creating an aural sensation for the audience by using the vocals as another instrument rather than a means of verbal communication.

This type of music, with the singer altering the dynamics of his voice, a rhythmic swaying guitar and pounding drums, had the audience closing their eyes and feeling the music, then shaking their bodies in response to a new beat.

Interestingly enough, the song the audience enjoyed the most was called "Get Out of My Yard," which had no effects added to the vocals and was sung clearly and was understandable. Plus it was a very jamming song.

Following the theorists, long-time Denver group Twice Wilted took the Sherwood Forest stage in a purple and green glow. This was one of the Wilteds more recent shows with their new bassist, the younger brother of Greg, the guitarist. The brothers, who do have similar looks, give the band a positive and interesting new image.

Twice Wilted is one of Denver's more *original* original bands. They have developed an echoing, mesmerizing sound that changes from a hypnotic rhythm to a screeching dance beat. This is why Twice Wilted and Francis Theory make a good line-up. Two undefinable and uncatagorical bands that go well together: The couple hundred people were bombarded with Kurt's vocalizations and the bands nerve-jerking playing. Especially, the many lovely young ladies that adorned the front of the stage. The Wilteds definitely draws one of the best looking audiences in town. —Ken Bush

Photo by Joel Wojcik

Tommy Christ

Billy Bragg

September 24: Glenn Miller Ballroom

Billy Bragg, a solo guitarist, delivered a performance on the CU-Boulder campus which exemplifies a musician that is an artist. An artist is a person (or group) that reveals current social and political problems to their audience. U-2 or Midnight Oil have explored this, but Bragg is the most bold and freely expressive artist to take the stage in a long time.

Bragg appeared in front of the crowd: one man, one guitar. He then proceeded to educate, activate and entertain a full house for nearly two hours. In a manner unique to Billy Bragg, he spoke to the audience for five minutes or more about the subject of the next song and his motivation in writing it.

The guitar style of Bragg is straight and intense. He twangs out simple but powerful, attention-getting chords, which sometimes distracted from his British-accented lyrics. For a couple of songs, Bragg's roadie came out to accompany the soloist with a lead guitar. This duo created an even more powerful guitar sound. It also enabled Bragg to concentrate on the dynamics of his singing rather than moving his fingers in a frenzy.

The Boulder audience, comprised mainly of socially conscious twenty-to-thirty-year-olds, was fully in-tuned with what Bragg had to say. They were silent during each song, and then would erupt into applause.

Some of the messages on Bragg's mind were: the current involvement of the U.S. in the Middle East, getting AIDS (from the viewpoint of a heterosexual male), and power to the workers' union. Bragg also covered the song "Route 66," but changed the cities to Irish and English cities.

Bragg's talking was not all serious; he added humor when talking about the evils of capitalism, and when he cited a little story about Mark Knopfler of Dire Straits: Q: "What do you see when you look out over a stadium filled with people?"

Knopfler: "Thirty-five dollars a ticket."

Overall, the show was informative, and it was entertaining to listen and watch an artist who's perfecting his craft. Bragg could be considered the Bob Dylan of the 90's. —Ric Christopherson & Ken Bush

SCATTER BRAIN

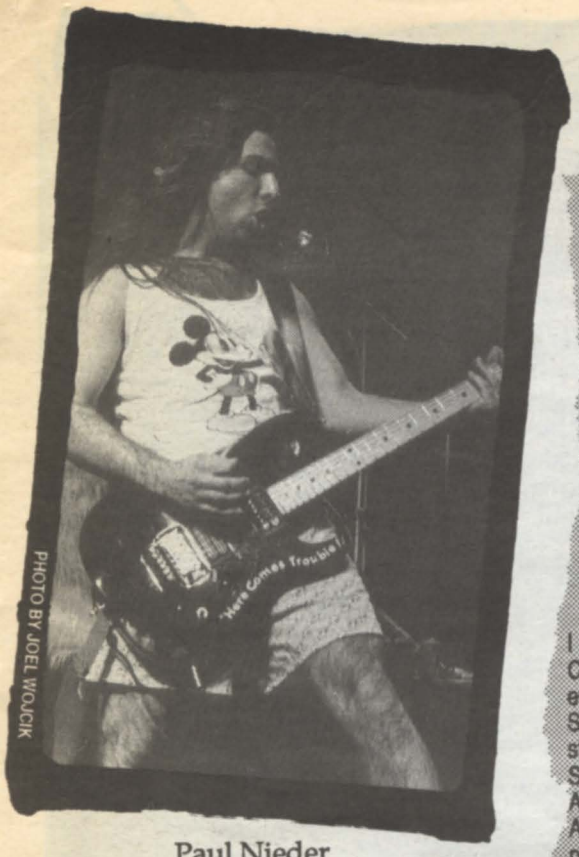
Scatterbrain/Warlock Pinchers

October 18: Gothic Theatre

The show started off a little slow, or rather late (30 minutes to be exact). The Warlock Pinchers put on a real good show even with the two-sided turnout. They kept good timing with the drum machine track, and by the end of the set I feel they might have even stolen a couple of fans.

In between set changes the crowd was chanting for Scatterbrains and soon they appeared, with guitarist Glen Cummings's hair in pigtails. The first song of the night, "Here Comes Trouble," was the most fitting, and lead singer Tommy Christ (dressed in a chicken costume) gave you an idea of what was to come for the next hour. The night was flaring with song after song (including Mozart's Sonata #3 with added classical pieces), and when Christ left the stage for a costume change the rest of the band entertained the crowd with renditions of "Sweet Home Alabama" and "Back in Black," with lead guitarist Paul Nieder on vocals.

For the first encore Scatterbrain hit the stage wearing high school sweatshirts with a big "S" on the front; Christ wore a shiny Fifties' style dinner jacket. After stuggling to borrow sunglasses, they finally plugged through "Don't Call Me Dude" and left, only to return with all of the members in drag and Christ in a nun's habit. Before the last song Christ did his impersonation of David Lee Roth by smiling to the crowd and giving a big "LOOK AT ALL THE PEOPLE HERE TONIGHT" routine. The last song for the night was "Drunken Milkman," with small cut-ins of Mr. Roth's quote and speeding Van Halen riffs popping up left and right during the song. — Joel Wojcik



Paul Nieder

Firehose/Last Laugh

October 6: The Gothic Theatre

It was a smoldering night at the Gothic Theatre when Firehose returned to a Denver stage with local duo Last Laugh.

This is third or fourth time that Firehose has blazed through Denver. The three piece band is made up of former members of the Minutemen, with ripping Mike Watt on bass and George on the drums. The Minutemen disbanded after the death of their lead vocalist/guitarist, the late great D. Boon. The guitarist and lead vocalist for Firehose is "Ed from Ohio."

The Gothic had a good-sized crowd when Last Laugh came to the stage and performed their emotionally stirring set of music. Vocalist George Gatsiopoulos has an overwhelmingly passionate voice of power, which is backed by the delicate strumming of one of Denver's most talented but unrecognized guitarists, Chris Steele.

The Last Laugh did not whip the teen-to-thirty-age crowd into a frenzy, but rather engrossed them into listening to music one can understand all the words to. The duo put together a opening set made up of some of their best songs and were able to tantalize the restless crowd.

The open space in front of the stage sparked-up when Firehose came out. The band quickly ignited into some fast-paced music that torched the audience. The first songs were off the Hose-heads latest album. They then added some great tunes off of *If'n* and *Rangin' Full On*."

Since the rhythms of Firehose can change within a song from pogoing, thrash-about levels to a slow melodic stillness, the audience was ever stopping and starting with the frequency of a Bic lighter at a bong-a-thon. The Firehose sound still carries that hard-beating drum and incredibly diverse, intense bass action of the Minutemen. Then Ed adds his unique-sounding voice and guitar work and somehow you have Firehose.

Mike Watt sang more songs than in past Firehose shows. Not exactly Sinatra, his voice is ugly, but in a beautiful way. He has the interesting habit of sticking his tongue against the inside of his cheek, giving him that baseball-player-chewing-tobacco look. Rather humorous. Watt also gets pretty theatrical, with funky body contortions and distressed looks.

In review: Firehose put together some good sets of their new music but neglected to play some of their really good, older tunes. All-in-all, they were not as good as they have been in the past in Denver. —Ken Bush

Evulsion/-Inhumanity/Cremation

Northside Community Center

Celebrity Skin/Chuck Mosely/(Psychodelic Zombiez)

The Broadway

October 20

I hadn't ever been to a show at the Northside Community Center, so I decided to witness the event. Cremation (which features ex-members of Sloter) came on a few minutes after I arrived. They started out with an old Sloter tune, "Image of Society," which guest-stared Tom Clenin (ex-Anathema). My what a legacy we have here.... Anyway, they continued on into their set and I took pictures. When I got up on the stage, I really got to see and hear the intensity that good thrash/grind drummers play at. Anthony is loud! Other songs that caught my attention were the title track for their new demo, and a stumbling dead horse cover.

Inhumanity was next. They sounded technically correct, but after a few of their instrumental songs, I began to really feel the need for a vocalist. I left for a couple of minutes, and when I got back it was easy to see that Evulsion would be the band of the night. They were super-tight and jumping up and down with energy. All three of the frontmen traded off on screaming the vocal duties. Each attacked the mikes with a different attitude and ferver. The songs projected moods that road along with the rising and falling tempos of the speedsters' songs. I sensed a consistent, unique feel and writing style with each song. Good performers are more difficult to take pictures of, but with challenge comes pleasure. Evulsion came back on for an encore and just as their last song was ending, a fight broke out and things got interesting. Fortunately for some, yet unfortunate to all, the cops came. After we herded ourselves out, I knew it was time to hit the road....

Time to go down to the Broadway. I figured I had already missed the first band (Psychodelic Zombiez), but I was hoping to catch some of Chuck Mosely (former lead singer of Faith No More) and all of Celebrity Skin. And that's exactly what I did. Chuck was just finishing up his set. Sure was kinda strange having an acoustic guitarist at the Broadway. He finished doing his thing (I'm not much of an acoustic fan, and rather than judge whether his performance was good or bad, I will just will say it happened.)

I had to run for batteries for my flash, and when I got back, the Skin was hoin' on down. Outragous costumed being producing loud heavy metalish music. I could tell from their performance that they were hard-core seasoned musicians that had been in the scene for a long time, and were finally starting to rise. They sounded pretty good, and crowd consensus was favorable. One gentleman even informed me he had seen Celebrity Skin in New Orleans....but I was fading fast. Since this was my fifth band of the evening, I was getting pretty tired out, so I resolved to drink the rest of the set away and talk to strangers about thermodynamics. —Andrew Frey

Photo by Andrew Frey

Evulsion

Sinnerfold/ Upstage/Blonde Bombshell/Tyrant

October 19: The Gothic Theatre

Friday night, the 19th. I arrive at The Gothic at 7:56. I thought the show started at 8:00. I was wrong. It must have started at 7 o'clock, because Sinnerfold was just finishing up their set. This was one time I was glad that I was late. The lead singer was trying to sing, all the while trying to catch his breath. These guys looked like a cross between the Poison and Cinderella of many years ago. The "glam" look, if you

know what I mean. I thought those days were behind us, but apparently no one told them. The crowd was a meager handful of friends, girlfriends and groupies by my estimates, and remained that way all night. It's rare to see so many gum-chomping bimbos assembled under one roof.

Luckily I was saved by the second act, Upstage. And that's exactly what they did. I immediately noticed the lack of Spandex and makeup, replaced by ragged jeans and urban fatigues. You mean these guys were going to let their music stand alone? Thank God! Their brand of pure rock is my cup of tea. So much so that I got one of their demo tapes. I wish there were more than four songs on it, especially some of the other tunes I heard this night. But "15 Will Get Ya 20" and "The Wind" will keep me satisfied until their next demo comes along. Sweet guitar work by Clint Stone on this one.

Next up was Blonde Bombshell. I think the key word is bomb. Half of their set was covers and not good choices either. The drummer should have concentrated more on playing than dropping—I mean spinning—his sticks. He did make up for it by playing viciously, like a rabid animal. Last and definitely the least, Tyrant played. I use the term loosely. And even sadder than that was the fact that the only people rushing the stage to be closer to the band were two little kids, (all-ages show, you know) and me, taking a few pictures. Everyone else sat unenthusiastically in their seats, occasionally making a noise.

Loud and lacking, I made my way to the door wishing I would have brought some earplugs and extra-strength aspirin. I arrived late and left early for this show, but not empty-handed. I discovered a band I like and think could really go places. At least I have a cool demo tape. —Bradley Ryan

Photo by Andrew Frey

Chuck Mosely

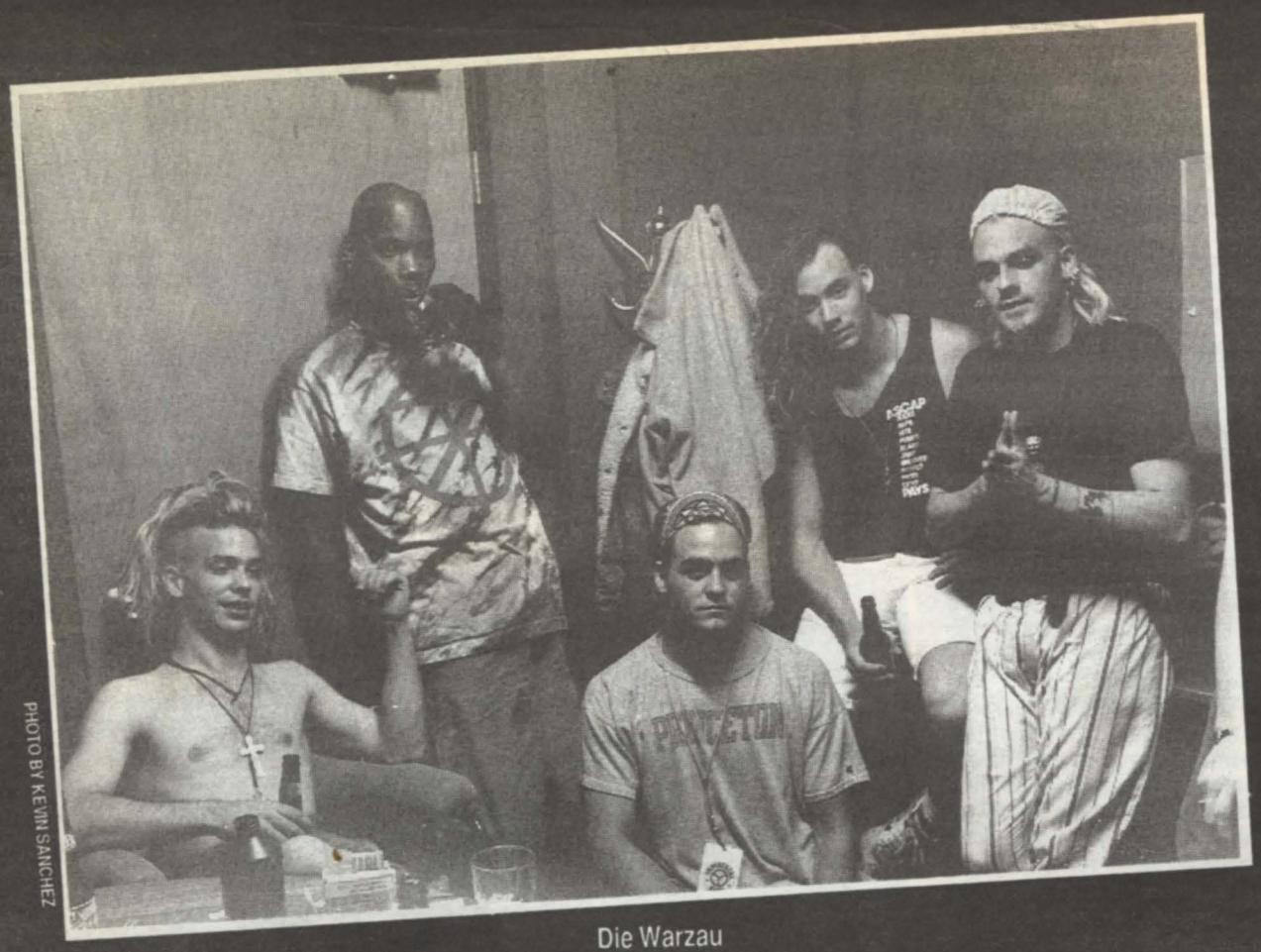


PHOTO BY KEVIN SANCHEZ

Die Warzau

Die Warzau

October 1: Rock Island,

Being a poorly promoted show, I didn't expect to see a large crowd. I understand that Denver wasn't initially a date on their tour, and that they decided to make a stop here at the last moment. But come on: 71 people at Rock Island for a band that had three singles in the Dance Tracks Top 10 of Rolling Stone (actually "Rockpool Promotions Ltd.") and is being played a lot in alternative dance clubs? That's a crying shame! And it was even an all-ages show....

After an hour of waiting, the band came on and jumped into two of their hits: "Welcome to America" and "Strike to the Body." "Disco Rigios" is probably one of the year's best debut albums from an industrial dance band, and they really didn't disappoint me live. They have a very energetic singer and a maniac behind the turntables, but they still didn't succeed in getting the Rock Island crowd going. Burle Avant, the guy behind the sampling and the turntables even jumped into the crowd and started slamming with people around him, but that didn't help.

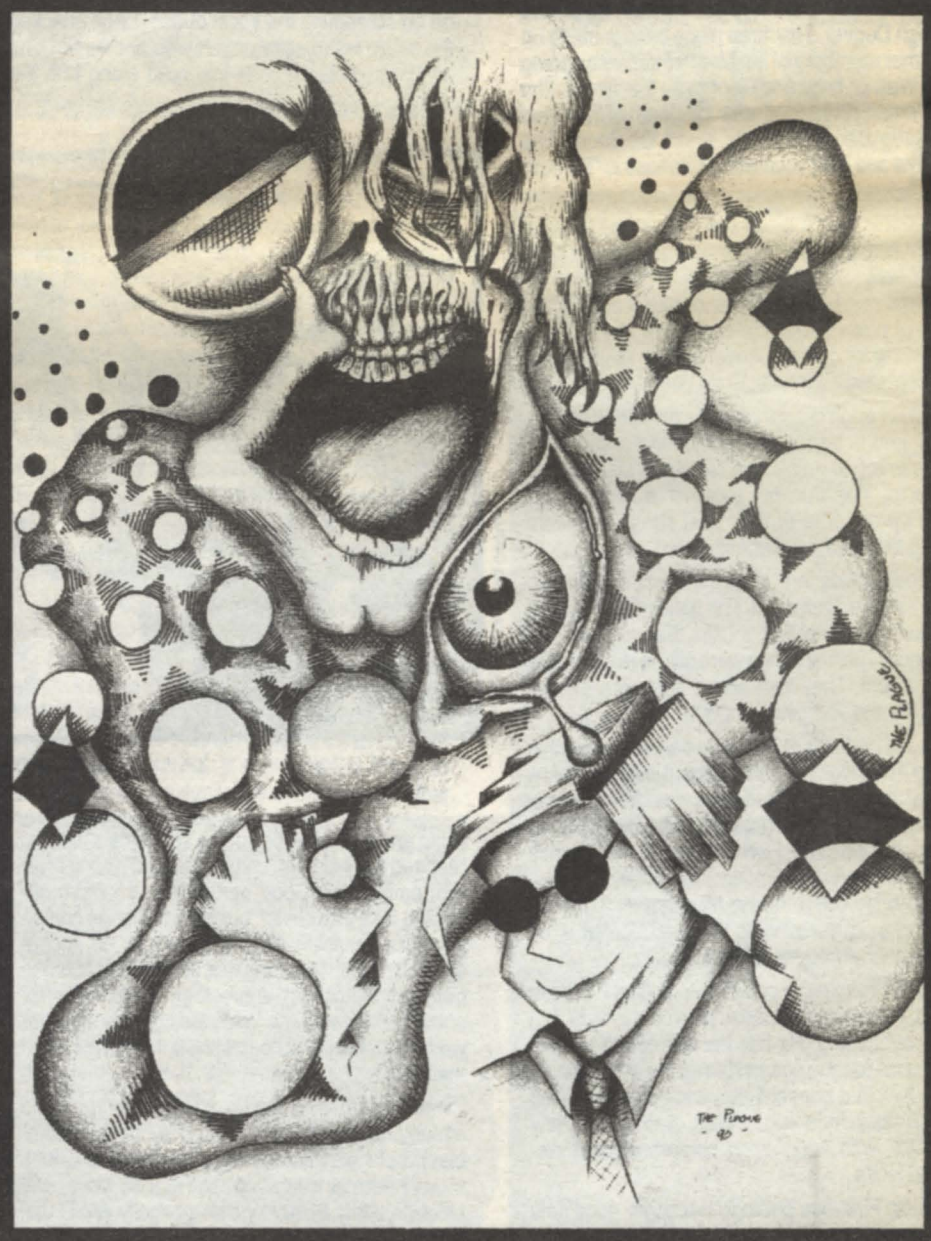
A very interesting aspect of their performance was the use of two metal barrels, which they attacked with metal grinders. Seeing flashing sparks, hearing the grinding metal and tasting the smell of red-hot steel was definitely something you've never experienced, and brings an interesting aspect to their live show. For an industrial band they had a very strong stage presence, something I can't say about a lot of industrial bands. On their album they have a style similar to Nitzer Ebb, but they sounded a lot more raw live.

Once they got into "The Land of the Free," the audience started to move a little, which was the absolute high point of the show. They played almost everything from their debut album, which is very political, something many people don't realize. The guitarist/keyboardist had a T-shirt on with an insignia that said "Free South Africa." The tour shirt they were selling had the South African flag colors on it. In fact when I spoke to the lead singer, he said that the only reason the band got together was because of racism and South African politics, which they totally disagree with. In "Land of the Free" they speak about how the United States is supposed to be the "land of the free." Which it really isn't. A quote from this song sums it up: "I'd like to meet the president/He moves me like a hurricane/While you see him as a murderer/Well depends on the color of your skin."

They ended their show by telling the audience to go in peace and don't be racist. I find it really sad that so few people attended the show. If it's gonna be like that a lot of small bands are going to avoid Denver, because it's not worth it. So please support your scene! After the show and a couple of drinks from Ian, the bartender, I had a chance to chat with lead singer Jim Marcus. Here are a couple of quotes and facts about the band:

- The band consists of Jim Marcus (vocals), Van Christie (guitars, keyboards), James Woolly (drums) and Burle Avant (turntables).
- Their fourth single is going to be "Bodybag" (which follows 1) "Land of the Free," 2) "Welcome to America," and 3) "Strike to the Body"). Early releases from debut album are: "God Makes Sense" (12-inch; now a collectors item) and "Land of the Free" (EP). There is a compilation LP coming out in England, with two songs from Die Warzau. Their new LP is coming out in three-and-one-half months, and the title is "Big Electric Metal Bassface" (though that might be a joke).
- On their new LP they get help from Chris Connely, vocalist for Revolting Cocks). They also do some stuff on Chris Connely's new project.
- The whole act with the grinders and the barrels is something they kept as a memory of their old days, when they weren't even a band. They used to always play around with power-tools and make a lot of noise. They considered themselves a performance-art group and called themselves the Die Warzau Symphony.
- How they got signed to Fiction Records: According to Jim Marcus, they were playing a show at the Limelight when their original DJ went wild and stage-dived into the crowd. Unfortunately, he hit his head against a pole, which caused a large wound with blood gushing all over his body, and he had to get medical care. So the next day Die Warzau made the headlines in the local newspapers, which accused the DJ of stabbing himself on stage with a knife. The Cure were doing a show nearby and wanted to meet Die Warzau Symphony, because all the hype had made the record companies curious. And it was just that attention that gave them a record deal with Fiction, who hadn't even heard a demo.
- Bands they currently dig are: Psychic TV, Meat Beat Manifesto, Nine Inch Nails, Public Enemy and Leatherstrip.
- The best times of their lives were when they did a couple of dates with N.I.N. in Canada (Montreal, etc.) and also Cleveland, where Meat Beat Manifesto dropped out of the tour. They consider Trent Reznor the Elvis of industrial music. Jim also told us that Trent won't be singing on the 1000 HOMO DJ's new album because of legal problems with his record company (TVT).
- A big fan of Die Warzau is Peter Hook from Revenge and New Order.
- The reason they formed the band was because of the racism going on in the world, especially in the USA and South Africa. They said that black people have not been free yet, which is why they have flyers they spread around at shows (not at this show, because they were out of them) that have a list of people they boycott. They also support Greenpeace.
- They had one last thing to say to Denver: "Get some oxygen."

—Danny Bled



ASK ANALEA

alloween is here again, and while to most people it is a time for partying, to many—including real witches, or wiccans—it is a major religious holiday. This month Analea talks to Kim Landers, a professional occultist and wiccan high priestess, about the significance of Halloween (also known as Halowmass or Samhain),

A: What exactly is the origin of Halloween?

K: The origins of Halloween are untraceable, because they are that ancient. No one knows the exact origin, but for thousands of years this holiday has been celebrated. One of the unusual things is that throughout the whole world, cultures which had no physical connection with each other have celebrated this holiday for the same reason.

A: Which is what?

K: It is the Feast of the Dead. The idea of it is the regeneration of life.it a time when you would meet with the recently departed—and I say "recently" because the pagan customs are very much tied up into reincarnation, so after a certain amount of time they are unreachable. The idea is not only the death and rebirth cycle of the human, but of the earth and of the gods themselves. It's when the old god goes into the underworld, and through the process of death becomes more knowledgable.

A: In this flyer put out by the Youth Ministries of Grace Community Church, it says this about Halloween: "On these high days of witchcraft and satanism, followers gather for hexing ceremonies, casting spells, sex and fertility rites (with a nude woman on the altar), and even various animal sacrifices. In all of these meetings the devil is worshipped, Christ is mocked, and God is declared to be dead." Do you care to comment?

K: First of all, there are no naked women on the altars—I don't know anybody who does rituals like that—and of course, satanism and witchcraft are not the same. We don't believe in the devil, there is no such critter, there is only the evil that lies within the heart of man

Witch Preparing a Philtre

of existence is very definite, very real. It's to get in touch with the aspect of all things living and dying on a continual basis. So many times a person will dress up and be the old god dying. Sometimes you'll have the group coming in from one circle of life into the circle of the underworld and getting in touch with—more like the rites of Eleusis, a mystical experience. Srying or divination of some form is usually done at this time. Traditionally, many groups do what it called the "dumb supper," which is an actual set-up of plates and food and silver and everything necessary for the dead to come and join in the feast of rebirth and life with the people who are still here. It is set up in the same way as if they were actually here, and that is to realize that in one form or another, they are. There is no real death, no finality.

Kim Landers has been teaching the Craft and subjects related to magic for 15 years. She has been a high priestess for 12 years, and has degrees in various magical societies, including the Druids and the Tibetans. She currently teaches classes, does readings and runs an alchemy business in Denver. For more info, call Kim at 355-1547.

PHOTO BY GREG DAURER

Gregory Daurer

Hemp Patrol

In case you didn't have a chance to attend one of the two HEMP Tour rallies recently, here is a list of local organizations fighting for freedom of choice on drug issues. Civil rights and common sense are both being lost in the sea of censorship, not only over rock and roll and rap music, but in regards to information of all kinds: reproductive information and truthful information about drugs. CLOT plans a follow-up feature next month on the Hemp Tour and Drug War.

In the meantime, a bill is scheduled to appear before Congress that has passed the Senate: House Bill 4079. If passed, this measure would invoke martial law over all the United States. Any drug offenders caught would be subject to confiscation of property without due process, put in prison camps to engage in slave labor for industry, and guarantee that they will be part of statistics showing we have surpassed South Africa as having the most prisoners per capita. Expect all of your other civil liberties to fall soon after. Call your congresspeople toll-free in Washington at 1-800-852-3446 to object to the fascist H.B. 4079. Local sponsors of this bill include Joel Hefley and Dan Schaefer.

As for the views of the candidates in the governor's race, Democrat Roy Romer lets it be known he will never discuss legalization of drugs, not even marijuana. Republican John Andrews reportedly will consider talks on whether this stuff should be legal, but is not a supporter of legalization. The only candidate that is pro choice on this issue, among others, is Libertarian Dave Aitken. Colorado Libertarian Headquarters can be reached at 837-9393. Other pro-choice/legalization organizations include:

Rocky Mountain HEMP (Help End Marijuana Prohibition) for Victory, 369-1782. Helped arrange the Boulder Hemp Tour Rally and is sure to play an active part in a drive to put a ballot initiative to voters in 1992 over whether Coloradans ought to be able to possess hemp for personal or industrial uses.

The No More Drug War Foundation, Robin Heid, Founder and Chairman, 320-1782. An informational organization that also has put on some major rallies over the past year. Heid was a featured speaker at both the Boulder and Denver HEMP Tour dates and is the featured interview in the November *High Times*.

The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML); University of Denver (DU) Chapter. Holds weekly meetings regarding marijuana issues on Wednesdays at 9 p.m. at the Business Administration Building, 2nd Floor, Room 208, entrance at 2055 E. Asbury, 871-3111.

The "Drug War": New Strategies of Racism and Imperialism: The University of Colorado at Boulder, Monday, October 29--Monday, November 5: call 492-4174 or 492-7473 for information. This is billed as a National Activist Conference. Speakers include Native American activists like Ward Churchill; Daniel Sheehan of the Christic Institute, who is exposing the contra/cocaine/guns supply network; and various intelligence agency employees to talk about the CIA and drug running.

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Robert Fripp and the League of Crafty Guitarists, *November 1 and 2, 9 p.m., at Tulagi, 1129 13th St., Boulder, $15, 442- 1369.*

By Jerad Walters

Tired of the same old rock routine? For something really different, check out Robert Fripp and his League of Crafty Guitarists, who are scheduled to perform at Tulagi in Boulder on November 1 and 2.

For those among you not in the know about rock history, Robert Fripp founded the anomalous and intricate progressive rock band King Crimson in 1968. Ten albums were produced by the band's two incarnations (the first from 1969-74, the second from 1981-84), singlehandedly creating British "art rock" and moving far beyond traditional blues, often drawing on Far Eastern polyrhythms for inspiration. Crimson alumni include vocalist Greg Lake of Emerson, Lake and Palmer, drummer Bill Bruford of Yes, and guitarist Adrian Belew.

Between King Crimson stints, Fripp worked extensively on his own, releasing two albums with Brian Eno, two with Andy Summers, and four solo efforts. In 1979 he toured by himself, building up guitar concerts using a tape delay system designed by Eno and jokingly dubbed "Frippertronics," a name that stuck. In the mobile system, Fripp uses an Electro-Harmonix 16-Second Digital Relay (known as "Fripp in the Box") and a Roland GR-700 guitar synthesizer.

He also contributed his highly distinctive guitar lines to numerous other albums: David Bowie's *Heroes* and *Scary Monsters*, Peter Gabriel's self-titled 1977, 1978 and 1980 albums, Blondie's *Parallel Lines*, Van Der Graaf Generator's *H to He* (among others), and his production credits include the Roches and Daryl Hall.

In 1985 at the American Society for continuous education, Fripp formed the Guitar Craft Seminars, a workshop program where both younger and seasoned guitarists learn discipline and get in touch with the music through "relaxation, attention and sensitivity." The seminars range in level from one through seven, and the "level seven" students tour with Fripp as The League of Crafty Guitarists, which includes Fripp and twelve other guitarists. The group uses no drums, synths, keyboards, or anything else that would suggest that this is an an ordinary rock band. Indeed, Fripp removes himself and the crew so far from anything in rock and roll—or any other type of music—that they cannot be readily labeled. The 90-minute-to-two-hour show (which may, depending on Fripp's frame of mind, include encores) often leaves critics—not to mention audiences—bewildered by a sound that defies description.

According to Steve Ball, a bandmember who has worked with the Guitar Craft program for four-and-one-half years, the league is currently in the middle of a three-year world tour which involves touring two weeks out of every month. Each member plays an Ovation shallowbody acoustic/electric guitar in Fripp's New Standard Tuning. The system, which Fripp devised in 1984, replaces the old *E A D G B E* with *C G D A E G* on low to high strings, in standard 12-tone equal temperament.

"The new standard has a freshness," Ball says. "It's more logical from a playing point of view. The old style is arbitrary; this is more organic."

The choice of the Ovation guitars stems from the logical as well. Ball says the guitars are mass-produced, and thus easily replaced, and that the tone, playability and overall sound is uniform from guitar to guitar. Although their instruments always remain plugged in, the show combines acoustic and electric numbers, a program which occasionally comes in handy.

"We did a show in Canada where the power went out halfway through the set," Ball recalls. "So we unplugged our guitars, moved closer to the audience and finished the show from there."

Anyone unfamiliar with Fripp might be put off by the band's somewhat remote style. In all shows the bandmembers file through the audience, seat themselves in a semi-circle, tune their instruments and simply start to play; Fripp speaks only long enough to introduce the band. This integrity also bars photographers from the show, as the League does not want to allow a "circus-like" atmosphere. However it is asthetics, not arrogance, that underlies this stand-offish manner.

"This is not a press conference," Ball says of the performances. "What we wish to say, we say through our music."

Robert Fripp Discography

(All titles available on compact disc from EG Records, Ltd., except where otherwise noted; this list should not be considered complete.)

With King Crimson:

In the Court of the Crimson King (1969); *In the Wake of Poseidon* (1970); *Lizard* (1970); *Islands* (1971); *Starless and Bible Black* (1974); *Red* (1974); *Discipline* (1981, Warner Bros.); *Beat* (1982); *Three of a Perfect Pair* (1984).

With Brian Eno:

No Pussyfooting (1973); *Evening Star* (1975).

With Andy Summers:

I Advance Masked (1982, A&M); *Bewitched* (1984, A&M).

Solo:

Exposure (1979); *God Save the Queen/Under Heavy Manners* (1980); *Let the Power Fall* (1981); *The League of Gentlemen* (1981).

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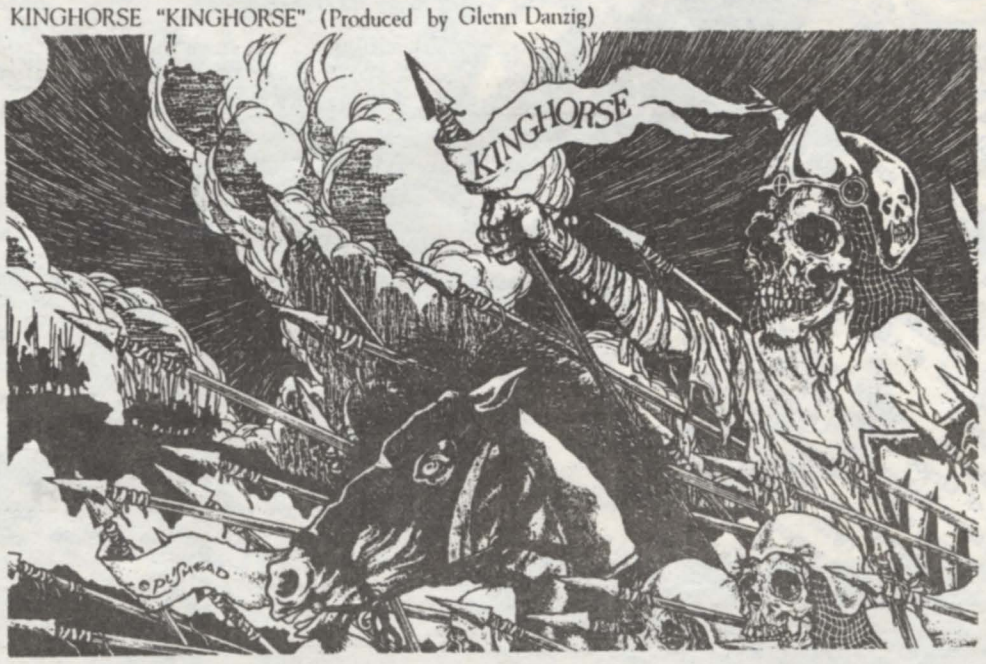

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MELLOW YELLOW

By Gregory Daurer

When albino reggae star Winston Foster (aka "Yellowman") croons "I'm yellow like cheese/You can love me any way that you please," he's issuing not only an invitation into the boudoir, but also a declaration of his personal pride.

Yellowman displays not only an odd complexion, but also a weird dichotomy: He overcame early racial prejudice to stubbornly become one of reggae's most noted rapper/DJ's, all the while reciting some of reggae's most hormonal sexist banter. He's like the 2 Live Crew of reggae: As nasty as he wants to get. His rhymes, like the Crew's, don't get everyone excited with their descriptions of, among other things, female genitalia.

Take the song "Shorties," in which he explains why women wear short skirts: It's so Yellowman can see their legs—and what's exposed between them. "Only sometimes," he sings, "I have to close up my noses, because they're full of diseases."

"As a radio DJ, I am asking (demanding?) that you cease your uncalled-for and unwanted attack against women," wrote Salt Lake City's Papa Pilgrim to Yellowman in a recent issue of *The Beat*. "Also, as a radio DJ, I am also asking other radio DJ's to boycott Yellowman until he stops his atrocious performances and recordings."

"Well, people think that I'm rude," said Yellowman prior to a recent Boulder performance. "When I say rude things about women—I say good and bad things about woman, because woman is good and bad. So people say my lyrics are dirty. They are not dirty, they're sexy; something like *Lambada* [a sensual Brazilian dance craze]. Most people say I'm a sex symbol."

This self-confessed sex symbol was born 34 years ago in Jamaica: Originally such an "ugly baby," he sings/raps/rasps, that his mother left him to be raised by a grandmother. His off-coloring at first brought him plenty of unwanted attention.

Asked if he had experienced black-versus-"black-lite" prejudice *a la* Spike Lee's film *School Daze*, he solemly replied, "Umm-hummm. Yes, I experienced it plenty."

However, he reasons, "Everybody couldn't be the same. Like me—I'm an albino. [He pronounces it 'al-bean-o.'] Young people used to discriminate against me and say I'm a 'white' man, but I don't care. This is the color I'm born with. I didn't make myself."

Historically, what he did was make himself a dancehall attraction by age 18. Following the example of his Jamaican influences, Big Youth and U-Roy, he sang and spoke over the backing of instrumental records.

Like America's bluesy Winter brothers, he makes light of being a "freak," both in the genetic sense (the name of his Shanachie album, *One In A Million*, refers to it) and in the sexual vernacular.

His lyrics aren't likely to make him any friends among feminists or parents' groups, although Yellowman is married and has a few young children. Which makes you wonder: Is there anything he sings that he wouldn't want his own kids to hear?

"A lot of things," Yellowman says. "But sooner or later they will hear. Whenever kids come to my show I try to change it a little."

And what exactly does he change for the sake of the young ones?

"The lyrics," he says. "If I would [normally] use that four-letter word—f—I don't say it at all. If I would say 'shit,' I don't say it. If I would say 'p-u-s-s-y,' I don't say it whenever kids are around. I change around the show completely; I have a show for adults and a show for kids."

Just like 2 Live Crew—who have probably been influenced by Yellowman at some point. I don't know that for a fact, but they wouldn't be the first American rappers who have been. Afrika Bambaataa, Run DMC and Doug E. Fresh have all recorded with him. Young MC (of "Bust A Move"—and Pepsi and Taco Bell commercial—fame) has cited him as an influence, and even female rap group Salt-N-Pepa adore him: "I saw a write-up in a magazine, and they say I'm their idol," Yellowman reports.

Yellowman says he likes controversial American rappers like NWA and is blown away that many younger acts admire him.

"They make me feel great, that someone would get influence from me," he says. "I watch some of them in performance and I can see and hear that it's my style, so I know they listened to me."

Many first heard him when he played New York or Los Angeles in the early Eighties, when reviews were favorably—and surprisingly—comparing him to the late Bob Marley. Surprisingly, because of their opposite styles. Marley's death had left a void in the "politically-conscious" reggae market (now making its lyrical comeback), and that void was filled with the off-color "slackness" (rude rude rudeness) of DJ's like Yellowman.

Asked about these comparisons to Marley, Yellowman says he thinks it's due to the performance, as well as the style. "Bob, he sing, but I DJ. Bob sing about political movements, freedom. I *do* it, but I mix it. I sing a lot about women; I sing a lot about sex. And when I perform I give them everything. I give them a little rock and roll; I give them a slow song; mostly reggae, some calypso."

He's not a musician like Marley; he's more of a showman, so several of his songs draw off older standards or pop tunes that he reworks with new lyrics. He performed a nasty (I'm told) version of "Blueberry Hill" at his Boulder show (I didn't hear it all because I was off buying a Pepsi—blame it on young MC). He hip-thrusted during songs like "Yellow Like Cheese." Overall, I found Yellowman fun and energetic and, perhaps because it was an all-ages show, not as "dirty" as I'd expected.

His records aren't so crude either. They're often marvelously produced, with words laid down over "dub" instumentation: A hypnotic sound accomplished by dropping bass, drums or guitar individually off the song, then phasing them back in or adding echo.

And his songs do sometimes deal with topical issues: "Like this Iraq thing," Yellowman says. "All I have to do is listen until it's over, then that's when my song comes out."

He maintains he doesn't like to talk politics, but says the Middle East situation concerns him. "What I don't like is, a lot of people are going to lose their lives. Innocent people, because of oil."

"Ganja is medicine, a tea, you know? Ganja never kill nobody. Ganja don't let you do bad things."

He also warns his listeners of other "killers."

"You tell all the fans to keep away from drugs," the non-drinking, non-smoking, devoutly religious Winston Foster says.

Even that reggae-show staple, marijuana?

"Well you see, ganja is not a drug," he says.

Well, we put it in the same catagory as heroin, cocaine, opium and ice over here in the U.S.

"They shouldn't do that," he says, suddenly ready to fight the Powers That Be. "The only thing with ganja—some people use it the wrong way. Ganja is medicine, a tea, you know? Ganja never kill nobody. Ganja don't let you do bad things."

Hmmmm. Maybe if they finally legalize it, as Peter Tosh sang, Yellowman will advertise it. And speaking of commercials, we talked about how American ones are using the no-longer-foreign reggae beat to sell products.

Yellowman believes it's because reggae's different: "Reggae music is like a weapon that you can use and do anything. You can use it and build up a war; you can use it to stop a war. You have people who use reggae to sing love songs, to do commercials. You can use it for anything. It's like money."

You won't find any subliminal sex in Yellowman's jingles for himself onstage. What you see is what you get.

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CARCASS

Forget the tired vegetarian tirades about how eating meat is unhealthy, economically inefficient, politically incorrect or inhumane. If, after checking out what Carcass has to offer, you can even think of eating mammalian flesh....

Lyrically, there is nothing like Carcass. There is no kneejerk crap about religion, politics, or the other standard punk/thrash topics. While Slayer and imitators half-heartedly sing *about* dead bodies (necrophilia, ZZzzz), Carcass SHOWS gore through their graphic lyrics, as well as their concert slide-show and album-cover collages. Blend realism with the sickest imagination (and strongest stomach) possible, and you've got material guaranteed to disturb to the core. It's nauseating, it's funny, and it carries an uncompromising message: Eating dead flesh is sick and sickening.

Just a sampling of song titles and lyrics: "Exhume to Consume," "Excoriating Abdominal Emanation," "Embryonic Necropsy and Devourment" and "Reek of Putrification": "Inhaling the dank smells/As you gouge the dripping innards with glee/Succumbing to a translucid state/As you sniff the aroma of necropsy...."

Unfortunately, when the band played the Gothic Theatre with Death (yawn) and Pestilence (kicked ass, hard), drummer Ken Owen had to be in England to take some exams. Carcass played maybe three songs (late as usual, we missed the opening strains) with the drummer from Devastation, and were called back from an encore which was a repeat of a song they'd played earlier.

The week before the Denver show I talked with that studious drummer and the band's frontman, Bill Steer, by phone from somewhere in bumfuck.

¿ = Rx (CLOT)

K = Ken Owen (drums/vocals)

B = Bill Steer (guitar/vocals)

¿ Here in the U.S. we've had a lot of public and media hysteria over rock music lately. And we have organizations like the PMRC, which have forced labels into putting parental warning stickers on albums. They'll love your stuff.

Photo by Kurt Hubert

Jeff Walker

K: We really don't want any of that nonsense to happen, because it takes the priority away from the music and puts it on the lyrics. I'm not too sure what any of these big organizations can do about it, really. Combat has talked to their lawyers, and they think it's okay to release.

¿ I've been hearing a lot about the Earache label lately. What's the story?

K: When it started out it was a small, two-man organization; it still is, to a certain extent. It's managed to get bands like Napalm Death, which was a big seller in Europe and brought a lot of money in, so Earache's been able to get other bands—Morbid Angel, Carcass, Entombed, Bolt Thrower—that were quite big in the underground anyway. That's helped them be successful all over Europe, and now in America.

¿ I hear you are a medical student. Is that how Carcass come up with such realistic lyrics?

K: I've always had an interest in biology, and because I've been at school I've learned a lot of medical terminology, and I've written some more advanced lyrics. Jeff (Walker, bass vocals, graphic artist) has taken over mostly; he's the one with the concepts behind the lyrics, and he spends a lot of time working through each verse. We don't leave it all up to him, but he's the one that sort of pushes ahead with lyrics, and he's the one who sorts the medical information out, because he knows more than I do now.

¿ I know this guy who picks apart Slayer songs for medically inaccurate lyrics, and he says yours are really accurate.

K: We've always been quite conscientious about the lyrics. We use the words because the words are accurate to describe a particular situation or a particular organ. We take a lot of time to make sure they are as accurate as possible, but really it's the concepts behind the lyrics that are most important to us, so that it's not just medical jargon.

¿ So what's the intention behind these kind of lyrics?

K: When we first started out, those sort of lyrics were the ones we thought would suit the music; back in the old days it was totally extreme, heavy and speed wise, and we wanted gross vocals. We wanted some sort of concept that was brutal as well. Back then it was all underground bands, like Death when they were a lot smaller, Master, Repulsion—they were all really heavy and quite fast bands. Nowadays we don't really listen to any of this sort of music. We don't take our influences from that sort of music anymore.

¿ What type of music do you listen to now?

K: We listen to a wide variety of music. I listen to classical music, old heavy metal, hip-hop, house music, just general music. Overall, any music is interesting to us.

¿ Are you into other forms of splatter, like gore films?

K: We used to watch those sort of films when we were younger, but really we have no interest in that. We're all interested in the macabre side of life; more bizarre things happen in real life.

¿ Where do you see Carcass going from here?

K: "We've got plenty of ideas musically; lyrical concepts may be a bit more difficult, because we want keep out of the pack and make sure whatever we do isn't boring and used before. But there's plenty of stuff out there that happens in real life that we can take things from lyrically.

¿ Are you into all those "real-life" cop shows like "America's Most Wanted," "911," and "Cops"?

K: We're more interested in books than in what's on TV at the minute. We're more interested in reading; we get more of a kick out of it.

¿ What books would you recommend?

K: The sort of books I read deal with my courses at the university, so it's a bit one-sided. I don't think many people would be particularly interested. How about you, Bill?

B: I've just been reading one on Ted Bundy, *The Only Living Witness*. It's just been updated since *The Executioner*. One of my all-time favorites is *Zodiac*, by Robert Greysmith, which is about the Zodiac Killer in San Francisco in the late Seventies. That goes into extreme detail about every aspect of the crime, because he's such a fascinating killer, the way he taunted the police and the press and everything. And of course he's still out there right now, which makes it even more bizarre. There's also a book called *Deviance* on Edward Gay, a serial killer. He is like kind of the role model for the first "Psycho" film. In England it's really a big deal since more than one killing takes place. It's been awhile since that's happened."

¿ There has just been that one out in Florida; they're calling him the "Coed Killer."

B: That just started to break through as we left Florida. It's one of those weird coincidences; we'd just left and were in our first hotel room outside Florida. We switched on the TV and the news was—I think at that stage two or three people had been killed in Gainesville. It took us by surprise, because we'd been so close to him.

¿ I know a lot of people wonder why you write the kind of lyrics you do, but I find it both nauseating and amusing.

B: That's what it's supposed to be like. It may be nauseating or disturbing to some people. We just want to be a little bit different, maybe take this form to the kind of extreme that we'd like to see it. People read into it what they like. They can take it in a humorous way, or they can take it seriously, whatever. I just can't see any way it can cause harm. Even if someone was influenced by our lyrics, I don't really see what they could do, because none of the lyrics feature actual things you could do. They are very fantastic, really; it would be very difficult for a person to actually follow through on that.

¿ It's imaginative, but with enough realism in it give a feeling of being possible.

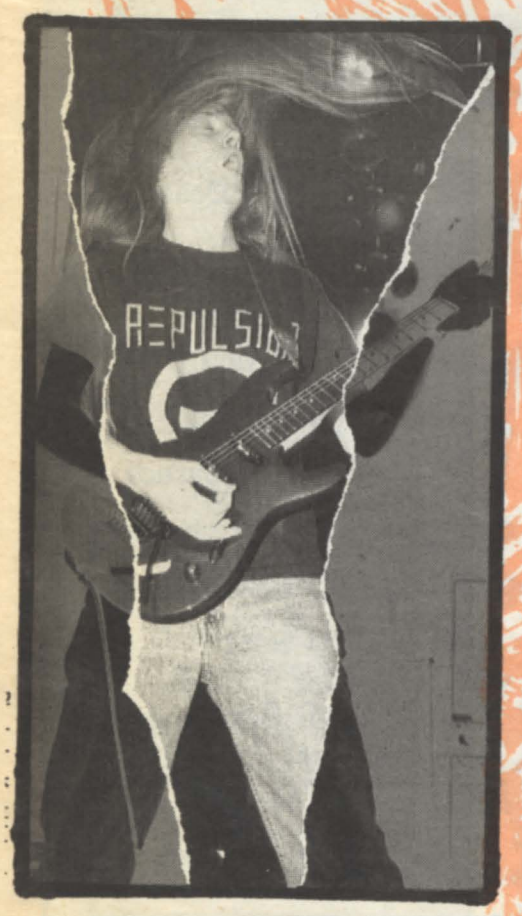
B: I think it has more impact than some the band's lyrics, because it's based in reality, and everything makes medical sense. The term's direct but at the same time it's describing things that are more or less fantasies—not so much fantasies as things that are more bizarre and overblown.

¿ Musically speaking, how do you view the emergence of thrash and grind?

B: I think there's been a big merger between the extremes of punk and metal, and neither style's been the same since. The scene's haven't exactly merged, but they've left an affect on each other.

¿ What's next?

B: We have a lot of new material which is taking the style a lot further. The heaviness is still there in massive amounts, and we're playing a few riffs and rhythms that people aren't familiar with. You can safely say it sounds twisted and bizarre. Some of the newer ideas are just sort of mocking our own ground a bit more. We're going for as much variation as possible.



Bill Steer

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AGNOSTIC

ag•nos'tic (ag-nos'tik) *n.* one who believes that it is impossible to know whether God exists.

Since Agnostic Front's 1982 debut EP, *United Blood*, these founding fathers of the New York hardcore scene have just about seen it all. To the chagrin of many hardcore believers, AF has always drawn a notoriously violent element to their shows. Having survived everything from racial afronts to prison to lord knows how many Midwest tours (the biggest horror of all), AF continues to gather strength, while taking intense political and social messages—cries for unity, strength and justice—to the underfed hardcore movement.

Agnostic's four albums—*Cause For Alarm*, *Liberty and Justice For...*, *Victim In Pain* and *Live At CBGB's*—reflect the band's steady musical growth (something rarely seen in hardcore), as well as an ideological progression which cannot be ignored. If there are more poetic hardcore lyrics to be found, I want to know about it.

On September 29 at the Aztlan Theatre, Agnostic Front—drummer Will Shepler, bassist Craig Setari, vocalist Roger Miret, and guitarists Matt Henderson and Vinnie Stigma—opened a tour which not only takes the band to Europe for the first time, but kicks off a whole new decade for hardcore. While Agression ripped through their opening set, I talked backstage with Agnostic frontman Roger Miret.

¿ = Rx (CLOT)
R = Roger Miret

¿ When was the last show you played prior to this one?

R: January 2, 1989.

¿ Was there anything significant about that show?

R: It was the last show because I had to go away to a correctional institution for awhile.

¿ How come?

R: Political reasons. It was kind of a frame-up. There's a big lawsuit too. It has to do with some guy killing a cop. He was wearing an Agnostic Front shirt. That was the real reason I went; there were three other guys in the car, and there were drugs in the car. I don't do any drugs at all, and everybody walked but me, cause they wanted me. Like I say, it was a frame-up.

¿ Why? Because you were in a band?

R: Because someone killed a cop, and they thought I was part of some big neo-nazi organization, etcetera, etcetera. So they wanted me because when the cop got killed, the guy was wearing an Agnostic Front shirt; three skinheads killed him. The shirt was a bootleg—it wasn't even one of our shirts. So they put one and one together, and they figured I was a big neo-nazi; that's the real truth of it. I beat my case on appeal. I wasn't supposed to be out until December of '92. They made a mistake, that's what they said. Meanwhile, I went in for a year-and-one-half.

¿ How do you feel about that now?

R: I really feel kind of fucked. The worst part about it was that I had a little daughter—she was a year-and-one-half old then, and I missed those years of her life. That was more important to me than anything else. That's what I really missed the most. It's just hard to get things going again, but things are going good.

¿ Are you a writer in the band, as far as music and lyrics?

R: I write music and lyrics.

¿ Have you written anything about this experience?

R: Yes. It will be out on the next album.

¿ When is that scheduled for release?

R: Hopefully by spring of next year.

¿ Is there a title yet?

R: A lot of it's up in the air. One title that's up in the air is "One Voice," just to call it *Agnostic: One Voice*.

¿ How long is the current tour scheduled to go on, and what places are you going to hit?

R: From here we go down to New Mexico, then Arizona and Mexico, then the West Coast and up into Portland and Seattle. That's about 16 dates, then we fly from Portland to Amsterdam. We do 26 dates in Europe, then fly back to New York the next day and do 36 dates on the East Coast. Altogether it's somewhere near 80 dates.

"As far as racism—I hate white power, I hate black power. I hate all kinds of power. I want everybody to unite."

¿ Considering the fact that you've been away for awhile, what kind of people do you expect to see at your shows? A lot of old fans?

R: Yeah, pretty much a lot of old fans. That's a good one. I guess I'll find out tonight. I expect some people that I don't want—but I expect.

¿ It seems like a lot of the ideals and values of the punk movement have kind of died out, especially over the past few years. It seems to have lost strength, and there's so few shows.

R: A lot of the bands have gone more commerical, but there's a lot of good punk bands—like my girlfriend's band, Nausea. They've got an album out, and they've toured Europe already. I think they're really hot. It has duet singers—she sings and a guy sings...but I don't think it's gonna die, I really don't. I think it gets strength, because we always carry that "You're-gonna-keep-the-strength" kind of deal. I think that's my main reason for coming back out, to get things going again. I hear a lot of things like, "Oh, things are dying," but I don't think so. Certain parts of it do, but then you come back a year later and they're big. And then you come back a year later and they're small. It's up and down.

¿ One of the biggest shows we've had this year was Fugazi.

R: Fugazi draws more of a college crowd, which is good: I like Fugazi. I knew Ian MacKaye when he played in Minor Threat. We go back years.

Photo by Andrew Frey

Vinnie Stigma

¿ If you were going to write a chapter in a rock history book about the New York hardcore scene and Agontic Front's place in it, what would that chapter say?

R: I guess that we were one of the longest running New York hardcore bands, that we kept things going. Most of the bands that came out of New York came out of three big bands: Agnostic Front, Cro Mags and Murphy's Law. They all come out of us, they've listened to us through the whole thing and they still do. We're one of the forefathers of New York hardcore—us and Murphy's Law. Actually, Murphy's Law and us came out at the same time.

¿ Are there any upstart challengers or whatever?

R: I never look at it as challengers. I always hope the best for all the bands. There's a lot of good upstart bands, but their problem is that they just stay in New York, and that really hurts them. You have to tour, you have to see other parts of the world. You can be really big in New York, then you go out and you've gotta tell them what you're about; you've got to show them. Your first shows might be small; they always get bigger, whatever. But you've got to move.

¿ Tonight is going to be your first show in a long time. How do you feel?

R: I can't wait, to tell you the truth. When I get on the stage my mind blanks; it's just putting all my energy and all my feelings into what I've got to say, and what I've got to do. I give it 100 percent, and the crowd always gives me back 100 percent of what I'm looking for. They feed me, they fuel me. And with them fueling me I can go on and go on, and I feel a lot of intensity with them. Sometimes things happen that I don't like: I'm not into that *seig heil* stuff, and it really upsets me; it's like a big downfall to me. I'm hispanic, and I don't believe in any "best race." To each his own, but I'm not into that. When they do that I get disappointed, and I've walked offstage. I refuse to play if it gets that bad, because that's not what I'm about. But I feel sorry for those who did pay and really want to see us, and then they get in someone's way and some of them get their asses kicked. It's really not right. It could be very violent.

¿ How much of it is real skinhead ideology and how much is pretention—just people who like to fight but don't really know what they're talking about?

R: On the East Coast it's not as bad as when you start going to the West Coast. You can't say they really don't know what they're talking about, but maybe they just have a misconception of things. I'm not one to tell anbody what to do. I don't give nobody rules. I don't like rules myself, and I'm not one who goes by rules. I've found that very disrespectful of me—you know, this is one of my roots—and disrespectful in a way that isn't funny anymore. It's something that's serious and should be taken seriously. A lot of people get misconceptions, and they do a lot of foolish things, and it's wrong. I'm just not into it. I don't mind Nationalism, etcetera—if they're there with an American flag that's alright. But as far as racism—I hate white power, I hate black power. I hate all kinds of power. I want everybody to unite.

Agnostic Front (from left): Will Shepler, Craig Setari, Roger Miret, Matt Henderson, and Vinnie Stigma

Genesis

The birth of man was the birth of Hell

The wrathful flames dance
around my head
Falling figures, burning dead
A well once filled with flowing water
Now an endless tunnel of hate
and squalor

Covered once, with locks of hair
All burned off, to leave me bare

A hand that once reached out to feel
Now gropes about for something real
I try to hold on to what I've found
But the heat of the touch melts
all to the ground

Pulling back inside my head
I watch for hours, the listless dead

From my heart flows the tears
Giving no live to that which is seared
I wait for the day when only ashes
appear
Nothing gained—and no more fear

And once again I will be pure

—*Agnostic Front*, 1987

¿ In that respect, what do you think is most important thing we should realize?

R: Well, it's not a joke anymore. It's serious. I've read articles, and I've known about stuff that's happened here in Denver. It's not funny anymore. Maybe it's just an adolescent thing. If that's what you really believe, it's great for you, but I don't want it in my face. To each his own, but when it's presented in my face I don't like it. If you're into Hitler or whatever, that's up to you, but don't tell me about it. I'm not into any religion, I don't believe in any rules. I don't go onstage and do things that will offend other people, and I don't like being offended.

¿ Who are the three most influential people in your life—musicians, politicians, poets, whatever?

R: Roger Daltry of the Who is my favorite in the world...I have to relate to bands and to people who made me what I am. Besides Roger Daltry there's my mother and my father, of course, and my daughter influences me the most right now. She's the only thing that keeps me going.

"I've had things yelled at me, like, 'You're wife's a Jew and your kid's half a Jew.' I don't want to hear that shit. My wife's not a Jew and my kid's not half a Jew: she's a goddamned human being."

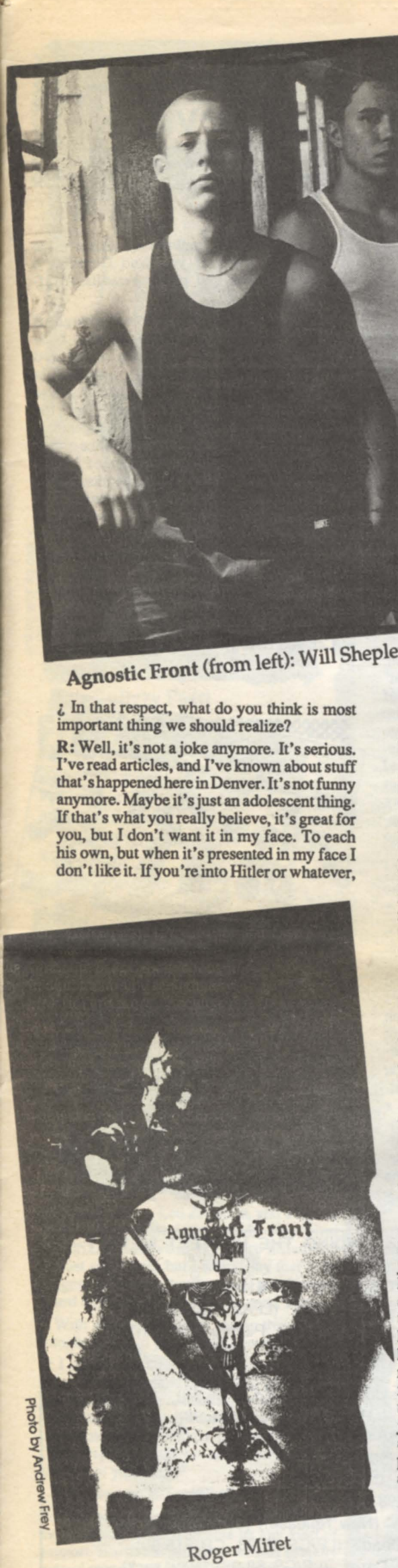


Photo by Andrew Frey

Roger Miret

¿ Is your family here with you?

R: No, they're in New York. My wife's band just toured Europe. She's Jewish, okay? I've had things yelled at me, like, "You're wife's a Jew and your kid's half a Jew." I don't want to hear that shit. My wife's not a Jew and my kid's not half a Jew: she's a goddamned human being. That's the kind of things that made me want to give up, but then I realized, fuck it. These people are ignorant, and they're not going to make me stop. They're just not. I'm going to do what I want to do and what I have to do, because there are people out there who do have open minds, and I'm ready to tell them what I have to say.

Photo by Andrew Frey

Will Shepler

"I want to *see*. That's what Agnostic Front's all about. You're always in doubt until you see it, then you're not Agnostic anymore, because you've seen it."

¿ What makes you think the way you do?

R: I've read a lot of books, and I've seen a lot of things in my life. I was brought up in New York City, the lower east side. I've done everything you could possibly think of, right? I'm an adventurous person. I want to try it all. I'll do everything I want to do. I want to *see*. That's what Agnostic Front's all about. You're always in doubt until you see it, then you're not Agnostic anymore, because you've seen it.

FRONT

Orchestration Observation

By Frank Roncalio

UNTITLED: Yesterday I hooked up two batteries in my distortion pedal: Boy did that sucker sound great! Just like a swarm of bumblebees on acid. But the extra voltage was just too much for the poor old fuzz box to handle. After a few minutes of jamming, my brilliant discovery erupted into a flaming blob of toxic waste. But it sure sounded cool! Go ahead and try it, just don't send me the bill.

Another cool sound I discovered involves a high-voltage transformer and a small herd of sheep. It's even more dangerous than the flaming fuzz, and I don't recommend trying it at home.

THE RIGHT TO OFFEND: The Judas Priest trial is over and they're off the hook, but their apparent victory was not due to any First Amendment interpretation or "artistic rights," and the ruling does have some serious implications for us as musicians and artists.

To summarize, Judas Priest and CBS records were sued by the parents of a teenager who, along with his friend, tried to commit suicide after listening to the *Stained Class* album. One kid died instantly, and the other blew off his jaw and died three years later of related complications.

The parents claimed that the song "Better By You, Better Than Me" contained the subliminal message "Do it," which inspired the teens' suicides. The "expert witness" (who's credentials are not real impressive) supported this claim, as well as the contention that the words had been deliberately inserted between two drum beats.

Close examination of the 24-track master tapes proved otherwise. The phrase in question was actually a result of transient peaks reacting between the snare-drum track and two guitar tracks—in other words, a complete and total coincidence that could not have occurred intentionally.

The Nevada District Court judge almost ruled against Judas Priest, having been convinced that a subliminal message did exist. However, since it was not intentional, he ruled that the band was not liable for the suicide; what saves Priest's ass is that the message was not *actually intentional.*

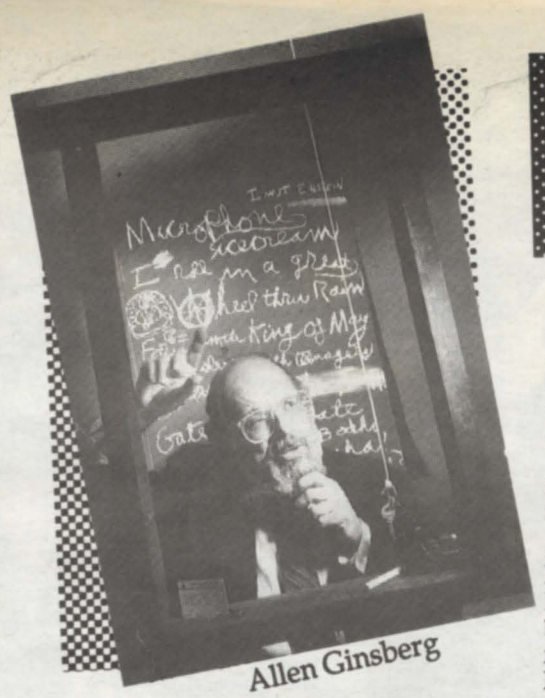
What bothers me is this: The ruling implies that a band can be held liable for subliminal massages if they *are* intentional. We're not talking about subliminal advertising for some product; we're talking about expressing your thoughts in the form of art. So you get bored one day in the studio, throw in a few backwards necro-chants, and then when some kid who's mentally unstable or freaked out on dope uses your song as an excuse to end it all, and suddenly you're a murderer.

Or, as in the case of 2 Live Crew being banned (and having to go to court to regain their First Amendment rights). You sing some offensive, verbally abusive lyrics that reflect your particular social situation. You're just trying to make a statement (however crude), an artistic expression, and your record gets banned because a few stuffy old farts can't understand. Forwards or backwards, you just can't put certain stuff on your record.

Is that fair? After all, it's YOUR record! If I'm unstable or suicidal, that my problem, not yours. And if I don't like your record, I'll turn it off 'cuz, that a helluva lot easier than suing you, or getting you banned.

Recording a demo and need expert advice? Send your questions and comments to Master Studio Engineer Frank Roncalio!

Orchestration Observation
c/o CLOT Magazine
PO Box 481343
Denver, CO 80248



Allen Ginsberg

Review

William S. Burroughs
Dead City Radio

Allen Ginsberg
The Lion For Real
(Island Records)

Here's what these two discs have in common: They're both by major figures in the "Beat" literary movement, colossal figures of modern day underground culture, who through some unsavory topics and language drew back the 1950's curtain of censorship. They're both recently and crisply produced by Hal Willner; you won't find any other sound recordings of Burroughs or Ginsberg where their voices are as immaculately captured (certainly not on the pretentious Giorno Poetry Systems releases). And, because of some unique choices of scoring and musicians, both successfully merge music with the spoken word.

Now, onto the differences, which are as vast as these two friends' personalities and styles: searing-tongued and apocalyptic William S. Burroughs, and crass and tenderhearted Allen Ginsberg. It is the sound of Ginsberg's poetic that determines the orchestration on *The Lion For Real.* It helps that he's got careful and consummate musicians, including Bill Frisell, Arto Lindsay, Marc Ribot, G.E. Smith, Rob Wasserman and Steve Swallow, hanging on his every word. This is a jazzy recording, as beat poetry was influenced by the spontaneous, improvisational form. Cartwheeling from lyrics to verse, Ginsberg brings to life Albert Einstein, his Aunt Rose, a lion, and his friend Jack Kerouac—who he implores to fuck him in the ass (Stay away if you find Ginsberg's homosexuality and poesy assaults an affront!).

And definitely stay away from Burroughs if you don't care for psycho-patriotic blasphemy. Like him reciting a twisted "Thanksgiving Prayer." Or hearing his spectral voice waft the "Sermon on the Mount" and "The Lord's Prayer" from the Bible your way, with spooky arrangements by Lenny Pickett. In addition to a slice or two from his most famous book, *Naked Lunch,* Burroughs has a great grotesque monologue on how you can "Love Your Enemies" and turn it to your advantage. This recording is scored by the tone of the material rather than enunciation. Burroughs gets bang-up backing from John Cale, Donald Fagen, old recordings of the NBC Symphony Orchestra and snippets of Sonic Youth.

Two fine achievements from two fine artists: Can you Beat it? —Gregory Daurer

William S. Burroughs

Do you have an album, demo, zine or comic that needs to be reviewed?
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Photo by Joel Wojcik

Jizzy Pearl

Love/Hate is:
Skid (bassist/songwriter)
Joey Gold (drums)
Jon Love (guitar)
Jizzy Pearl (vocals)

¿ = Joel Wojcik (CLOT)
S = Skid
J = John Love

¿ Where did you first meet?

S: The rhythm section—myself, Jonny and Joey—came from the same suburb of Los Angeles and went to high school together. Our first singer quit five or six years ago, and that's when Jizzy joined. We've had the same line)up since then.

¿ How did you come up with the name "Love/Hate"?

S: It came from an old song I had written. We were looking for a band name and ended up dumping the song and keeping the name for the group.

¿ Who have been your biggest influences?

S: I guess out of all of them it would have to be the classic Brit bands—the Beatles, the Stones, the Who, Led Zeppelin, and a few of the classic American bands like Jimi Hendrix. That isn't to say we're influenced by just old music, but I would say that's the biggest influence, because we just haven't heard anybody do anything as good since.

¿ With so many style of music that you're into, how would you classify yourselves?

S: I dunno..I would say hard rock, and there are some elements of fusion that we bring in just because we have been into other kinds of music than just metal or thrash; we're heavily into funk. We're heavily influenced by the Chili Peppers—not so much anymore as about five years ago.

¿ What was the Z-Tour like?

S: That was a lot of fun because Z-Rock was the first radio station to give us any kind of support. It was the first time we had actually gigged around and felt radio support, so when we came someplace the kids knew the music from the radio...we'd always just come from the Whiskey-A-Go-Go, where it's a whole different thing, a local-band thing with no radio support.

¿ What really sucked about when you played at Bangles was that it was first advertised as an all-ages show, and then at the last minute it was changed to 21 and over. A lot of people who had the tickets were under 21....

S: That's right! Now I remember...The promoter kind of made it a gyp. It's so much more fun playing for all ages. The 21-and-over crowd is there mainly to drink beer and look for pussy, but when you play for kids you can feel their passion for the music.

¿ With all the racing you do onstage, do you ever get burned out?

S: We work out because we drink really hard, and you can't do an athletic show without working out. You have to balance the negative with the positive. Out here on the road you could just let yourself fall to shit very easily.

¿ What gives you the biggest rush onstage?

S: Being a performer; it's just something I love to do. The biggest rush I get is when I know there's a full house waiting outside. It could be a very small house, but there's an atmosphere or vibe that a full, sold-out house has that gives you an anticipatory kind of feeling, like you really have a shot to make it go. I give every show everything. There could be ten people heckling and I'd still give it my all.

¿ What's been the best part of touring so far?

S: Where we came from it was every kid's fantasy to end up on a bunk on a rock-and-roll tour bus, so we've been working toward that dream. It seems shallow, but the party element of the ritualism of metal—it's just so fun for me. The way the girls dress up and how loud everything is...it never gets old.

¿ Have your lifestyles changed since the album was released?

S: There's more pride within the organization, because even though we're still small, we have a bunch of fans and we feel validated. So we're walking around with our heads up a little higher and thinking, "Heck, we're good; we can compete."

¿ With so many new bands out today, what do you think sets you apart from the rest?

S: We're similar to the others, but one thing that has helped us is that we have always tried harder. Different people plateau at different times in their lives, like, "This is as good as we're going to get." We have always had a slow but steady growth; if you saw us last year and then saw us tonight, you'd see the growth. It will be the same next year...That's what sets us aside: That we'll never quit, and we'll always continue to grow.

¿ What's your favorite beer?

S: Well I...Uh...

J: Mine's Budweiser. These guys have changed on me.

S: I drink Bud.

J: We drink Bud a lot.

S: It was a way of life. It's in our show, where we portray the dark side of Bud; the ads always make it look so wholesome. We make Budweiser look so evil, and after going to Europe a couple of times I have found that I like English beer a lot more. I'm really into Bass and New Castle Brown.

¿ Can you see yourselves doing beer commercials?

S: I don't think so. It's like I said: The beer people always make beer look safe and good.

J: They wouldn't like it—but we'd love to do one!

¿ Where did you get the idea for the album cover?

S: It's a painting that I did. It was a birthday present for Joey. Jizzy took a real liking to it, and when we were looking for art after the stuff was recorded, we go "Why don't we use this?" I was flattered that they wanted it. We never thought of it being special before, and now people seem to like it.

¿ What were your "Fashion Follower" days like?

S: We've had so many of them...We got a good review in the *L.A. Times*, but it said "Somehow I get the feeling that in 1979 these guys were wearing skinny ties." I said, "Hey wait a minute! I WAS wearing a skinny tie in 1979!" I guess we have always been fashion followers and some people look at that in a derogatory way...There were times when we had our hair standing a foot high and black eyeliner on, and then we'd go, "This is stupid!" Then there's times when we looked like a skate outfit. Then we evolved and just grew up.

¿ If you could do anything over, what would it be?

S: When I was a kid, I was always afraid of being a groupie, and so I never tried to talk to guys who were involved in bands...I could have saved a lot of mistakes in my career by talking to people who know about what we were trying to figure out on our own in the garage.

¿ Are there going to be anymore singles off this album?

S: Hopefully "Dope" will really click in. We've got active rotation on MTV, and we just got the AC/DC tour. After "Dope", we'll do "She's An Angel."

¿ The song "She's An Angel"—what's it about?

S: It's a story. It's kind of sappy. It's the only song on the record that's written to a girl. Everything on our records comes from a male point-of-view, and it's not so much that it's anti-woman, but there could be some references that people could take that way...It's a little gooey for us, but we can stand behind it. I don't think anyone's embarrassed. I just feel kind of stupid because we had always sworn that we would never have a chick in one of our videos. We'll never have some silicon model squeezing her tits to try and sell one of our songs. On this "Angel" video...well, there will be at least a girl in it.

¿ Are you already planning the next album?

S: We've been working on it for about a year now. We're into about 17 songs. The first album took a long time to sort out. The Love/Hate record is always going to take a few years to make, because we're not the kind of outfit that can come in between tours and in six weeks think we're going to equal or better something that took a couple of years to write. When we headline clubs we play new music that isn't on the record; we just did one, "Wasted in America," that might be the title of our next album.

¿ Will this album also reflect on personal experiences, like "Black Out in the Red Room"?

S: It's hard to say, because it's not like the first album turned out to be thematic. It was full of references from frustrated amateur musicians, struggling to survive on the strip. We were a house band at the Whiskey and in a very small world, so the songs just ended up tying together.

¿ What's the question you most hate being asked?

S: I don't hate answering any at this point. We feel so privileged to have anyone want to talk to us. We're out here because we think we're good and want to be successful, and if someone wants an autograph or to do an interview, we're like, Yeah!

¿ Any last words or quotes?

S: Thanks a lot to all who have given us support, and for people who haven't heard the music, give it a listen: You might dig it. And come see us when we come back with AC/DC.

Comic Confidential

The one constant in life is that good and bad things are always going to happen, and the world of comics is no exception.

First the bad news: One of my favorite comic books, *Bats, Cats, and Cadillacs*, has been cancelled after issue #2. Even though Now Comics has announced that they will still print issues #3 and #4, that won't happen for awhile, and no definite print-date has been set, either. How could they possibly cancel the story of a were-cat, a were-rat, and a cute vampiress who love nothing more than to explore the city's nightlife and see what trouble they can get into? For shame!

But ah, the good news. A Judge Dredd movie? Yes! The script is being worked on right now. Let's just hope the movie does the mighty Judge justice (no pun intended), and doesn't end up like the pitiful Dolph Lundgren "Punisher" movie that went straight to video.

If you like Dredd, then no doubt you like Marshal Law. Well, November not only sees him back, but under the Apocalypse label. Why Marvel Comics gave up Marshal is a mystery to me. But Pat Mills and Kevin O'Neill return to give us *Kingdom of the Blind*, a one-shot epic of Marshal going after the Private Eye, a vigilante who uses a scalpel gun excessively on his prey. Can't miss that one!

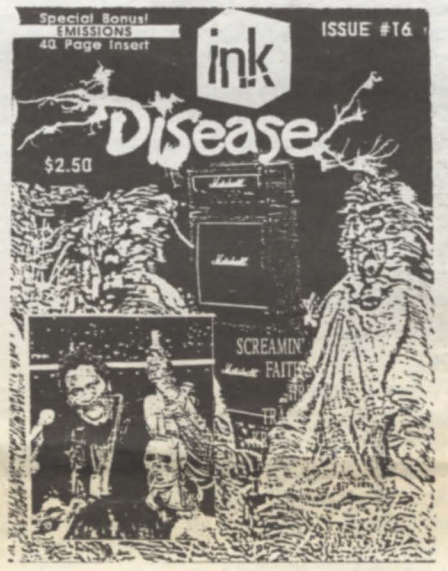
Another release coming in December is *Kato of the Green Hornet*, a four-part series with Kato returning to China to aid a Shao-Lin master and pro-democracy leaders trapped in the Monastery from the People's Government. Maybe I'll forgive Now Comics if this lives up to the standards of their Green Hornet series, but with Mike Baron scripting and Brent Anderson doing the art, it should prove a keeper.

Psi-Judge Anderson, #8: A truly tasty tale with a prologue cameo from Judge Dredd himself. Someone—or something—is programing innocents into killing machines to do their bidding; Anderson and a female colleague get caught in the crossfire while at a club dancing. Poor girl can't even relax and unwind after a hard day of psychically probing criminals. Different sections are done by different artists, but this is still one of the best black-and-white comics out there. One of my personal faves.

Fleetway Quality, P.O. Box 4569, Tom's River, New Jersey 08754.

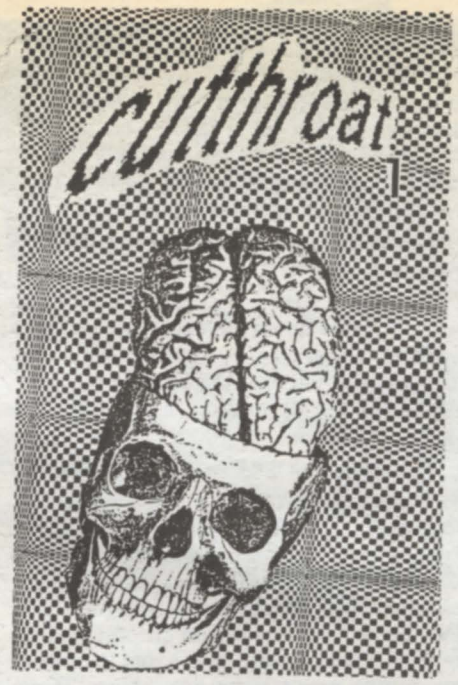
Iron Marshal, #2: Another new favorite, Iron Marshal, is a Jademan Comic from Hong Kong. As is typical of Jademan stuff, Iron Marshal is full of chop-socky kung-fu action with overtones of sorcery and supernatural magic. What's not to like!? And with characters like Bloody Duke, Herlin Sabre, Cool Dude, and Tough Joe, you can't help but be amused. The art is superb, using watercolors, air brush, and Chinese inks to produce a unique look for a comic book. In this ish, Duke's men are busting him out of Soul-Lock Prison, so named because it's so secure that it even imprisons the souls of the detained. Iron Marshal finds out, and races on his magical horse, Lion, to stop Bloody Duke. The fights are choice and I highly recommend checking it out. Stunning color. Jademan Centre, 633 King's Road, Hong Kong.

Celestial Mechanics: The Adventures of Widget Wilhelmina Jones, #1: The sweet black-and-white art caught my eye on this one. This is the first Innovation comic I've ever bought, and it was well worth it. Gary Washington pencilled and Keith Aiken inked to create a very sexy look to the characters.



They're in the 27th century. Widget starts to assemble a team to staff a repair shop for starships. The problem is the Halplex corporation has exclusive rights to this, and sends an assassin to clean up. I really liked the way the story was scripted like a movie, moving from one scene to another while introducing the cast—and not losing you in the process. I'm looking forward to future issues, but unfortunately it's only a mini-series. Black and white. Innovative Corporation, 3622 Jacob St., Wheeling, W.V., 26003.

Zero Tolerance, #3: In this, the third of a four-part series, a seasoned but weathered William "Turk" Turkel rescues rookie partner Molly McKnight and key witness Virgil Tidwell from corrupt President Robert Scott Bone. You see, the setting is the not-too-distant future, and the President has been elected to a life term. He quickly abuses his power for his own corrupt means. A special agency, Zero Tolerance, is formed to wipe out nefarious politicians, secretly keeping the President as its main target. Until now, that is. Turk arrives just in time, as Bone was about to violate agent McKnight, but the trio quickly encounters much resistance getting off the President's island fortress. Cool art and a typical story, but gratifying to the end. Many of you may enjoy the co-pencilling of Tim Vigil (of Faust fame). Color. First Publishing, Inc., 435 N. LaSalle, Chicago, Il. 60610.



Also check out *Alias #6*, *Married With Children #7*, *Green Hornet #14*, and *The Twilight Zone #1*, all in color from Now Comics. —Bradley Ryan.

Ed The Happy Clown

Even though this isn't too new, it is still deserving of notice. (I recently found out about this strange work from Michael Patton, Faith No More's vocalist). The book is a compilation of all of Chester Brown's Yummy Fur mini-comics, and his Yummy Fur issues that were drawn for Vortex comics.

This is truly a landmark piece of literature, because it solves the dilemma of how to present a story which has mountains of feces, people crawling through anuses, and a penis which talks to a television audience. No, that's not all that happens, but with this in mind, you won't be quite as surprised at how everything ties together in the end. Life just won't be happy until you read *Ed The Happy Clown*. Black and white. Vortex Comics, RR #8 Elmbrook Road, Picton, Ontario, KOK2TO, Canada —Andrew Frey

Cutthroat #1

"Compiled and/or created by The Big Kahuna and Eyeball." That's the closest this wild-ass zine comes to identifying the mastermind(s) behind it. Reproductions of ads and articles ("Cops trying to match up severed heads"; "Bodies buried with trash, without coffins in Tenn.") and a Voodoo Sacrifice Shocker. This piece of xerox art pricks the ol' intellect with pictures and poetry: "images of late-night television and empty liquor bottles filled with crucifixes/skulls filled with liquor at the altar of pick axes." Come forth and be recognized, that others may enjoy ye. —Rx

DBN No. 3 $1.50

P.O. Box 3547
Lantana, FL 33465)3547

This is the owners manual for twisted minds. A generous helping of nice death graphics, along with interviews with the Ramones, Sanctuary, Sindrome, Gammacide, Outpatients, Eviction, Violent Playground and Hellwitch, as well as album and zine reviews. Good looking issue. —Andrew

Zine Reviews

Ink Disease Issue #16 $2.50

4563 Marmion Way
Los Angeles, CA 90065

This monster-size 'zine (nearly 100 pages) has more info than you can throw a boot at. Interviews with Screaming Jay Hawkins, Firehose, Tragic Mulatto, Anus the Menace, and Faith No More, along with show reviews and record and tape reviews. In the center, there is a 40-page Emmissions insert which talks about the Drug War and AIDS, and makes an interesting comparison between gangs, corporations and the government. —Andrew

The Adventures of Grandma Dynamite

2815 Ames #3
Wheatridge, CO 80214

Somebody has an offset press, and it looks like they had a ball putting together "Denver's Only Rock-N-Roll Gossip Comic." A couple of Leviathan show reviews, some ads for Honest Ingin, a celebrity interview with tireless scene supporter Bob Rupp, and lots of assorted silliness. Major fun to read. —Rx

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OOOH, AAAHH! A full-color cover of Testament! So naturally there's a big Testament interview, along with interviews with Swamp Zombies, Machine Gun, Poison Idea, dead horse, Agony Column, Reverend, and Oliver Magnum. The back page has the obligatory full color Animosity ad, too. —Andrew

Temple.Earth

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One stamp will get you in touch with these people whose mission is to "try to relate to the happiness and coldness of reality...for we know that thought is the basis of all reality." This 4-page xerox contains a collage of graphics copied from occult books, as well as this message: "If you have any comments, desires, ideas or philosophies, write...and help us bring our world into reality!" And this one, too: "As Manson said, 'Now is the Time.'" Ooo-ee-oo. —Rx

STRYPER

Rock In A Hard Place

Entering the 90's in a blaze of controversy seems only natural for a band like Stryper. Since their formation seven years ago, the members of Stryper have given themselves a unique cross to bear—especially now, with the release of *Against the Law*, an album whose title alone might very well leave people with the impression that Stryper are alienating themselves from their previously established ethos of being good-guy, counter-culture rebels.

With the primary identity of being the band to introduce the world to "white metal" by joining Bible to rock vinyl, Stryper's attempt to enter the rock-and-roll mainstream minus a Messianic message has subjected Stryper to both media crucifixion and Christian character assassination. Stryper's low-end thunder, bass player Tim Gaines, talks—with a sigh—about the ruckus that surrounds the new Stryper.

TG = Tim Gaines

¿ = Sister Christian (CLOT)

¿ What do you think is the biggest misconception people might have about a band like Stryper?

TG: Hmmm. That we're a bunch of holy rollers with Bibles, slamming people over the head. People call us the Jimmy Swaggarts of rock and roll, but we're not that way at all. We're just a bunch of normal guys that believe in Christ, but we play rock-and-roll music.

¿ Stryper obviously isn't the first Christian band in the world. Why do you think it's the one everybody knows about?

TG: I think because we went about everything differently. For one, we're signed to a secular label, Capitol Records, so everything was marketed to the world and not to the Christian community, although our beliefs stuck in the minds of the Christian community. For the most part I don't think the secular community really knew what the lyrics were in the beginning, until the press caught on, and then all of a sudden it just exploded. We're the *first* band to do this, ya know? To come out of the closet with our beliefs and vocalize them. We did that at a time when there was so much blatant, Satanic-type music out. It was a big thing to have a pentagram on your album. We figured if other bands can do that, why can't we come out with what we believe in? The Best! And sing about that.

¿ Do you still believe in the basic content of your first few albums?

TG: Oh, yeah!

¿ There's been a lot of controversy, to say the least, over your latest album. Care to explain it?

TG: Like always, Stryper has always been the one to cause a lot of controversy [laughs]. I dunno. Musically, it's a heavier album. It's a change for us lyrically. We're sticking to straight-ahead lyrics, not dealing with any Christian themes or issues.

¿ Then what is the essence of your lyrics on this record?

TG: Everything is basically positive. There's nothing negative as far as to where the Christian community needs to be so alarmed with what we're doing. There's other bands, like U2, in the Christian markets that don't constantly have Christian themes in their music. They have a political stance to them. As far as we're concerned, everything in this album is a positive-type lyric. In the past Stryper albums have dealt with the same things. There's really not much of a change, other than the fact that there's not a "Christian" theme.

¿ Why do you think music is so influential?

TG: Music plays a vital role in everybody's lives. It has a lot to do with whatever's inside of you. If you're feeling down you might want to hear something that's uplifting, or you may want to hear the blues. It's a personal thing to everyone. Everyone has their own reason for listening to their personal preference in music. Music is around us constantly. You get in an elevator and there's Muzak pumped through the speakers. You go to eat in a restaurant and music is there; hotels—it's in the lobbies; turn on the radio in your car, it's there. It's all over.

¿: I was back East last week and one of the stations there was playing some cuts from the album. They introduced you as "The once-holy, now unholy Stryper." How do you feel about introductions like that?!

TG: I don't know. I guess everybody has their own ideas about what we're doing. As far as we're concerned, we're still the same Stryper. We still believe in the same God and the only changes we're going though are a new image for our looks and a harder sound. But other than that, we're still the same guys.

¿ Personally, how do you feel about your responsibility in music: the band's lifestyle, lyrical content? Originally did the media portray Stryper in an unrealistic context and with unrealistic expectations?

TG: Well yeah, in a sense. We had pressure on us to be a certain way. I don't think any human could live that way. We had to be Super God to the whole world and if we didn't, the guilt trips we got from people all around us got to be unbearable. It got to the point where we couldn't be happy with ourselves anymore. There was a big responsibility in that end. I think bands should have a responsibility to their audience. Lyrically, as far as big groups are portrayed in their lifestyles, that's a big responsibility. There's a lot of kids out there who look up to them.

¿ Does Stryper still see the band as a ministry?

TG: That's kind of an either/or question. I don't think we ever started our wanting to be a ministry; it just ended up that way. When we started out we just wanted to be four guys who played music and would voice their opinions and beliefs in Christ. All of a sudden I find that I have to be a minister and a counselor and everything I never had a desire to be. It's hard to say at this point. On a personal level with the kids, if I get a chance talk to them or whatever—that will still be there. If people want to know what we believe in they can ask us and we'll tell them.

Album and Demo Reviews

(With Added Words of Wisdom)

Do you have an album, demo, zine or comic that needs to be reviewed?
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Testament
Souls Of Black
(Atlantic)

This is a tough one. The style is similar to their last album, *Practice What You Preach*, but a lot more has been put into the production and guitar work, which makes it a really good album. But it feels as if something's missing. "The Legacy" is similar to "The Ballad" (off *Practice*), but Chuck Billy's voice has a tunnel sound/reverberation accent to it. If you liked the last album, you'll like this. —Joel Wojcik

Cry Wolf
Crunch
(I.R.S.)

Cry Wolf has been around for four years and put out a demo that did so well it got them a Japanese tour, and then a worldwide publishing deal. This is their first official U.S. debut, and it rocks! I really liked "Pretender" and "On The Run." Being the guitar zealot that I am, I enjoyed the work of Steve McKnight, and even the bass work of Phil Deckard. "Long Hard Road" is a decent drumless love song with sweet and slow guitars. As a matter of fact, there were only a couple of songs that I didn't like. Not bad for a first release. It builds to a nice crescendo, then lets you down easy. Great for listening to straight through. —Bradley Ryan

Naked Raygun
Raygun...Naked Raygun
(Caroline)

This label put out some of the most important punk rock of the 80's (The Misfits—need I say more?), and this release is what you might call punk rock for the 90's, but with a catchy late-60's feel and a slightly metallic element. Played live, this brand of music generates my favorite kind of pit: hard and sweaty, but not violent or mean-spirited. Here's hoping they tour soon, 'cause I'm always ready to dance. —Rx

Evan Lurie
Selling Water by the Side of the River
(Island)

Have you ever secretly longed to travel to Europe and sit in a streetside cafe somewhere, drinking cappucino, wearing dark clothing, listening to the somber strains of a small ensemble playing almost-recognizable melodies, and blankly staring into the distance, contemplating the absurdity of it all? Well, this Evan Lurie release gave me basically the same effect sitting in my kitchen drinking a cup of microwave-reheated coffee. Piano, violin, guitar, bass, and bandoneon (a small accordion-like instrument) create a sound reminiscent of Europe, without seeming to echo any specific nationality. A perfect record to listen to when your depression requires a continental flair. —KBG

Stryper
Against the Law
(Enigma)

With *Against the Law* the righteous rockers are sporting a new kind of strype. Leaving their flim-flamsy-rocker-pansy sound far behind, ATL adopts more of the steroid-induced sound of their first release, *Soldiers Under Command*. Literally censored via being dropped by Benson, their "Chrisitian" distributor, Stryper has a worthy mainstream offering with ATL. Eleven find 'em and grind 'em tracks include fun little ditties like "Not That Kinda Guy," about a rock-and-roll tart coming to one of the guys in the band, and them actually saying "no." Imagine that. But the real shred track is "Two Bodies, (One Mind, One Soul). Lead vocalist Michael Sweet has adopted a more grovely, get-down-get-dirty type of vocals, ditching the choir-boy-on-bad-acid sound throughout the album. Produced by Tom Werman (Motley Crue, Poison, Kix and LA Guns), the cuts capture Stryper's tighter musicianship and the footloose, defiant attitude that sharpens the edge of their music. In short, the new album kicks some serious ass and hopefully, AOR music directors will run out of excuses not play them with this album. —"Crash" McNamara

The slug was unable to handle the excitement produced by the two frogs mating.

Jetboy
Damned Nation
(MCA)

If you like music you can drive in your car to, this is the album. It starts off with "Stomp It Down to the Bricks," which is a decent song. And then there's "Groove Tube" and "Heavy Chevy," songs that make you want to see exactly how fast your mom's Pinto can go. Further into the album you hit "Too Late" and "Evil," songs that make you feel like sitting on a cliff and smelling the silence of being alone. This is a good album with a grease-monkey feel to it; almost makes you want to drink Valvoline 40-weight. If you're looking for a comparison, you're out of luck, because I'm lost myself. —Joel Wojcik

Lead Into Gold
Age of Reason
(Wax Trax)

Being a big fan of everything that comes out on Wax Trax, I was anxious to hear *Age of Reason*, especially since this is a side project of Paul Barker, one of the masterminds behind Ministry and Revolting Cocks. How could I go be so wrong? It was more like Ministry being played at half the speed! With titles like "Lunatic/Genius" and "Faster Than Light," you would expect at least some terrifying vocals or some speed-lightning guitar work, but none of that is here. Don't waste your money on this one. Save it for other projects from Paul Barker, like the new Lard and The Final Cut. —Danny Bled

Black Sabbath
TYR
(I.R.S.)

I was suprised when I listened to this. I was expecting more shitty new Black Sabbath, but this is actually pretty good. I've been listening to Black Sabbath for 18 years, but over the past five years they haven't done shit. *TYR* is killer. The music is driving and the lyrics are cool, especially on the mystical songs. This album is along the lines of Sabbath when they had Dio. —Pete

Slayer
Seasons in the Abyss
(Def American)

I've talked to quite a few people about this new Slayer, and reactions have been mixed: from "don't even bother" to "at least it's better than *South of Heaven*" to "well...the first song isn't too bad." I really liked all of Slayer's albums to this point, and was waiting for the next step in the progression after *South of Heaven*. Unfortunately, it seems while taking that crucial step, they tripped and broke and ankle. I suppose it's worth hearing once, just because it IS Slayer and all, but overall it's a disappointment. —Andrew Frey

The cat vomited sadistically into the telephone.

Legs Diamond
Town Bad Girl
(Metal Blade)

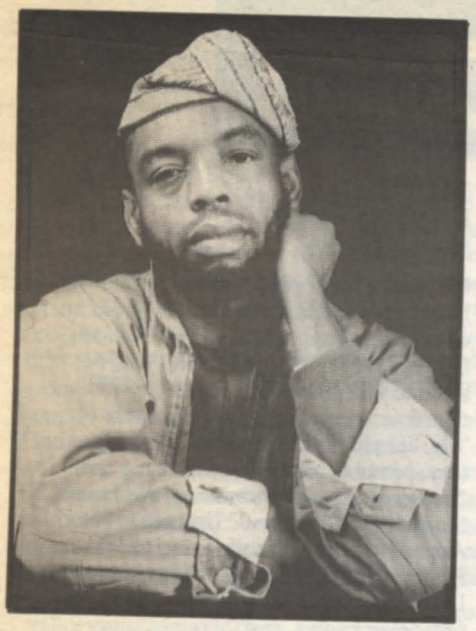
Melodic metal with emphasis on vocal harmonies. This band is loaded with all the things Top-40 style metal bands are supposed to have: a vocalist that can scream the high notes (Rick Sanford), a lead guitarist (Roger Romeo) that can sledge heavy grooves or squeak out rapid-fire arpeggios, hooky tunes that rock (except, of course, for the obligatory ballad), and an image heavy on hair and black leather. They've got a lot to offer those who continue to tread the path of Bon Jovi and Winger. And on a sexist note, the near-naked leather-booted blonde on the cover looks pretty inviting; at least until you listen to the lyrics to "Town Bad Girl," which tell the tale of a 13-year-old girl who is abused by her father. He leaves because "he couldn't face up to what he did to you," and she is outcast by the community. If that's the "Town Bad Girl" portrayed on the cover—on her hands and knees in the gutter of a wet street, breasts dangling—well, let's just say the whole thing is sending me mixed messages. —KBG

Led Zeppelin
4-Compact Disc Set
Led Zeppelin: Profiled
(Atlantic)

And just in time for X-mas. The boxed set consists of four CDs (52 Zep tunes, all digitally remastered by Jimmy Page) and a 36-page booklet filled with essays and photos. The discs contain a couple of previously unreleased songs (or at least versions of songs) and all of the classics. Who wouldn't be thrilled to receive such a gift? However, *Profiled*, a disc containing little more than self-serving interviews with Page, Robert Plant and John Paul Jones, is taking it a bit far. Who but a hardcore collector would want to listen to Page talk about why he produced this set (not for the buck$, but because he was unhappy with the other Zeppelin CD's) more than once? Maybe it's just a promo item....The CD set, on the other hand, is a royal treat: They say the song remains the same, but they've never listened to my worn out 45's of "The Immigrant Song" or "Black Dog." —Rx

Chris Poland
Return to Metropolis
(Enigma)

In my opinion, instrumental bands are either really good, or really bad. Chris Poland and his brother Mark have managed to catch my good side. What we have here is just a nice serene and simple, yet catchy, album. Chris stays within his realm of playing ability and doesn't try to outdo Yngwie. Good music to work or relax to. —Andrew Frey



Safi Abdullah
Another One Gone
(Shanachie Records)

Safi Abdullah slickly blends a variety of roots music—reggae, African and funk—with some serious lyrics, which mirror the poetical and political work of Gil Scott-Heron. Abdullah reportedly started out in the early days of Jamaican reggae as a session musician for some of the giants; he moved to America, got sent to Vietnam and returned, ready to explore the pop machine here; he then moved to Africa to follow Islam. Needless to say, he's got a stringent personal perspective. "Afrika is Burning '89" starts with a pleasing oldtime reggae, horn-based intro overwhich Abdullah recites the title and then comments, "And the black man is still doing the Freak."
—Gregory Daurer

Iron Maiden
No Prayer For The Dying
(Epic)

I guess the album title could serve as the bands epitaph. I've been a big Maiden fan for several years, but this album really hits rock bottom. "Holy Smoke" is the only song that caught my attention, and that was after a few listens. All the other songs are lame and commercial sounding, with clichéd song titles. Bruce Dickenson's solo project (which *really* sucked) seems to have eroded the once mighty Maiden into the present sinking ship. I'm sure the art will sell more albums that the music. —Andrew Frey

Jesus Jones
Liquidizer
(EMI)

For another Jesus-named band, this is a very impressive debut. It's been out for awhile now, and is doing very well on indie charts with "Info Freaks" and "Never Enough." Hardhitting vocals, screeching turntables and loud guitars make it sound like something between Pop Will Eat Itself and Jesus and Mary Chain's early stuff (lots of guitar distortion). According to the band, they are influenced by groups ranging from Napalm Death to Public Enemy to Black Sabbath. Great cuts are "What Would You Know?" (about how terrible it is seeing enthusiasm murdered; even worse when it's by people who don't care either way) and "Move Mountains," (the result of a journey in a taxi jammed full of religious tack—their own words). —Danny Bled

Urban Dance Squad
Mental Floss for the Globe
(Arista)

Like many crossover bands, it's so hard to categorize Urban Dance Squad with any one musical style. Bands like Red Hot Chili Peppers, MC900 Jesus, Faith No More, etc., are all breaking down the music barriers and Urban Dance Squad are too. What makes this band really unique is the fact that they are from Holland, and being from my home country, I already dig them because I know how hard it is to speak another language. Their mixture of hardcore, funk and rap is radical, which doesn't suprise me, because of the mixed cultural history of Holland. Excellent lyrics on this album, which already produced two singles ("No Kid" and "Deeper Shade of Soul"). With influences ranging from L.L. Cool J. to Captain Beefheart to XTC, you can imagine what kind of mixture this sounds like. This one definitely brings an international flavor to the music world.
—Danny Bled

ALIEN

Hot Prospects:

Some Sound Alternatives

1. **Skinny Puppy,** *Too Dark Park* (Nettwerk LP).
2. **A Split Second,** *Kiss of Fury* (Caroline LP).
3. **Ministry,** *In Case You Didn't Feel Like Showing Up* (Sire EP). 4. Legendary Pink Dots, *The Crushed Velvet Apocalypse* (Play It Again Sam LP).
5. **Mark Stewart,** *Metatron* (Mute Records LP).
6. **Negativland,** *Escape From Noise* (LP).
7. **Carl Wangarten and Walter Whitney,** *Primitive Earth* (Mute/Enigma cassette/CD).
8. **KMFDM,** *Naive* (Wax Trax LP).
9. **Cabaret Voltaire,** *The Living Legends, And Listen Up With* (Mute/Enigma CD).
10. **Greater Than One,** *Trust* (We Never Sleep LP).

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2) In what film(s) has Megadeth's Dave Mustaine appeared?
3) What was Testament's original bandname?

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Judas Priest MEGADETH TESTAMENT

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Local Blood

Dave Stewart
Spiritual Cowboys
(Arista)

Dave Stewart is the person primarily responsible for groove creation in Eurythmics, so it should be no surprise that this solo effort is filled with ingenious funkish/rockish tunes that are immaculately produced. At its best, during songs like "Diamond Avenue" and "This Little Town," the record seems authentic and honest, with lyrics about growing up in suburban England and Stewart's current L.A. lifestyle layed over the top of those lush grooves. But those moments are too few, as the bulk of the songs are hazy character sketches that lack impact. Also, Stewart's singing voice isn't up to carrying some of these tunes. He alternates between a low grumble and a whiny voice that sounds more like *Al* Stewart. *Spiritual Cowboys* is pop music, wanting only to invade your mind temporarily so that it might invade your record collection permamently. —KBG

Georgia wished for Stan as her head was crushed like a broken heart under the ten ton truck.

Liquid Jesus
Liquid Jesus Live
(Triple X)

Soulful, jazzy and hard-rocking, this album is reminiscent of early Zeppelin. I know, they say that about every band, but this one really *does* sound like Zep! More metal-edged than metal and bordering on psychedelic, with gorgeous album cover art and some fun cuts sampled from the Liquid Jesus answering machine. Short but addicting. —Rx

The goulish fiend relished the fleeting last glimpse of the victim as it pushed him into the abyss.

Judas Priest
Painkiller
(Columbia)

Speed Priest! This one just plain kicks ass! Painkiller: the post-apocalyptic screaming spirit of vengeance. Searing salvation, set us free! The title track starts out like lightning and the storm never lets up. My favorite cut is "Leather Rebel," Painkiller's anthem, with "Night Crawler" running a close second. Every tune explodes with fire and brimstone and I loved them all. What more can I say? This is a must for your collection. Get it, play it, and enjoy the ride. If only a rollercoaster could be like this. —Bradley Ryan

Priest fans should love this; *Painkiller* is the hardest Priest to date. With tracks like "Leather Rebel," "Metal Meltdown" and of course the title track, Priest takes off in a new direction. With new drummer Scott Travis, the band is able to pick up the tempo and create a masterful work of metal art. No, it's not thrash, but it still delivers grind-metal, Priest style—sharp as steel, to the point, in your face metal. —C. Crocker

Daddy Hate Box
Sugar Plow
(New Rage)

This Seattle-based outfit might not be on Subpop, but they sure have that Seattle/Soundgarden sound—although not near as heavy or intricate. Sparse, existential death lyrics (from "God People": "Are you/God/Yes/You are/Simply/You exist"). Redundancy is the main problem with the six songs on this EP, most notably in the vocals, which never vary in tone or volume, with the exception of a few garage-style backups. Not bad, but the Fluid does it so much better.... —Rx

Guy Mann-Dude
Faces in the Dark
(MCA)

This one definitely has the Metallica sound—grinding speed metal with heavy vocals. The problem is that they try to do too much rhythmically on a lot of songs, and some of the solos come off sounding like cheap Steve Vai imitations. Much of this album just flat out sucks! On some of the songs you can hear the punch-ins on the solos. On the other hand, some of the songs just fuckin' crank: like "Conformity," "No Stone Unturned," "Let Me Out" and "Frightened by His Own Shadow," which strangely enough features Rick Nielsen of Cheap Trick. It's not the greatest, but it's not bad. —Pete

Token Entry
The Weight of the World
(Emergo)

New York rap-rock with not-quite-thrash breaks and a clear and expressive vocalist. The lyrics here are so honest-sounding they're almost sad: "I'm not gonna bail, I'm not gonna give in/Cause this my last chance, this time I'm gonna win." The guitar work stands out on every tune, with forays into acoustic, funky fusion and punk styles supplementing inventive hard rock. This band is not afraid to express its individuality, take chances (check out the feminine back-up vocals on the title track) or emit a positive attitude. Recommended. —Rx

Blowhole
palimpsest

Some people love industrial music because it's like a disco-demolition derby. But take out the familiar drum machine or drum-machine drumming and replace that with cosmic cymbal rides and crashes and tribalism, and add horns. What have you got? First off, a combination that sends people dressed in black from the dance floor to the door. Too bad. Because that's Blowhole blowing. Blowhole hail from Colorado Springs and they are, despite the all-over-the place, sloppy sound, fine musicians. I see I'm not the only local bizarro who has a penchant for wigged-out free-jazz, like Sun Ra circa Astro Black, Ornette Coleman's experiments, and John Coltrane's "Africa Brass." Is *palimpsest* a pleasent listen, then? Oh, heavens no! Neither are those others! But still, it's loveable in its obnoxiousness. It's recorded live, and that's really where you should experience and appreciate Blowhole's overwhelming space-travel odyssey of noise. Side one lifts off with some extended drab space-sound noodling. Side two has some particularly rambunctious jams: Foresight/In House/Blither. —Gregory Daurer

Apraxia Records
P.O. Box 9545
Colorado Springs, CO 80932

Dogs of Pleasure
Hydrant Fetish

Wanker
Raw Dawg

Dogs of Pleasure slam through four songs on this EP, and each one has a positively destructive mix of metal and hardcore influence. You get the heavy guitar rhythms and ridiculously brilliant solos of Mod Metal without the sweet-sounding vocal harmonies and the dead, compressed production so popular nowadays. You also get attitude and rough edges and a live sound that satisfies more primal needs. Chris Chamberlayne's confrontational vocals may work better live, but here they're still dominating, and Rooster's guitarwork is technically impressive without being a big jackoff. Julian Anderson on bass and John Harrington on drums are solid, but mainly provide a backdrop for the all-out guitarwork and growling vocals. "Monkey" is the best tune, but "Helpless" and "Dog Will Hunt" are both capable of moving your ass and annoying your relatives. "Corruption" is a little long, but on a four-song tape, I guess that's a compliment. I'm ready to hear more.

Raw Dog is a less consistent effort overall, but that may be due to the fact that it has more than twice as many songs on it as the Dogs' EP. Wanker is a fairly straightforward rock band, less technically inclined than the Dogs, but with more of a sense of humor mixed into the attitude. They seem to be having fun, while the Dogs are pretty grim. "Clam Bake" and "Whiskey Dick" are the songs I remember most, but "Psycho Sexpots from Mars" has probably the coolest groove. The production makes it all sound a little thin, though, and so the songs lack impact. I don't know, I guess that somewhere out there an audience exists for this band, but wherever it is, I'm not a member of it.

While neither of these records is a dog, I must say that one is more of a Pleasure to listen to. —KBG

Dogs/Original Projects Unlimited
(303) 722-9653.

Wanker/Wanker Tunes
P.O. Box 12031
Denver, CO 80212

Angellic Rage
Special Edition

Oh yeah. This is good. I can't say many other local bands sound this good. They remind me of a mean cross between Iron Maiden and Queensryche. Not clones mind you, but with a sound that makes me wish there were more than four songs on this tape. From the vicious "Dr. Jekyll" to the ripping "Blind Destiny" (my personal favorite), from the grinding "Innocent Anger" addressing awareness, to the cop jam "Johnny 0" (my other favorite). Apparently, the band is going to release an EP with these four songs and two more, but I say pick up the Special Edition now. Tomorrow never knows, and I'd rather enjoy today. —Bradley Ryan

Rage Productions
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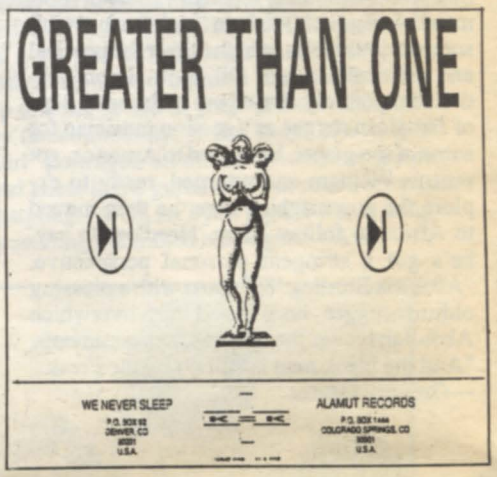
Denver, CO. 80237



Greater Than One
Trust

This time around GTO dispenses with the drum machines and the dance ethic and concentrates solely on ambient, atmospheric settings. The moods here fluctuate, so the listener is treated to a variety of aural landscapes. The love theme from "Romeo and Juliet" receives special treatment and the delivery is somewhat stark and distant. Minimalism is the byword on this lp. Some influences and parallels would be early Tangerine Dream and Klaus Schultze. This lp (which is a milky transparent blue/green disc) is produced by "We Never Sleep," a Denver based group specializing in music and art from various international sources. This LP is for those of eclectic taste and the curious. —Alien

We Never Sleep
P.O. Box 92
Denver, CO 80201 USA

Malice in Wonderland
demo

Though I'm not too familiar with the local scene (I've been here for less than a year), I kept hearing about Malice in Wonderland. This is a four-song demo with the songs "Drug War Babies," "Lady Thorazine," "Perfect Life" and "Stop Breakin Down." Produced by hot-shot Rory Clarke from L.A. (credited as producing Warrior Soul), I expected a very polished and over-produced sound. But it was the usual demo sound: not that bad, could be better. Vocalist Rhoades is on the right track (kinda sounds like Alice Cooper), but the songs just don't have enough balls to be hits. Personal favorites are "Drug War Babies" and "Stop Breakin' Down," which has a cool harmonica end to it. This is definitely an improvement on the demo before this one, but it takes more originality and better lyrics to get signed to a major label. —Danny Bled

Billy Tee Productions
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VIDEOMANIA

LOST IN SPACE WITH JOEL, CROW, SERVO, AND THE KILLER B'S

By E.C. Jr.

"You used to be big," the burned-out screenwriter says to fading silent movie star Norma Desmond in Billy Wilder's *Sunset Boulevard*.

"I *am* big," Norma snaps back. "It's the pictures that got small."

Boy howdy, did they ever. The budgets for Hollywood movies may be swelling out of control, but you'd never know it from the shrinking pool of ideas and talent up there on the silver screen. These days, what do you get, after you plunk down your eleven or twelve bucks for two tickets (plus $4.95 for the "economy" bucket of popcorn) and shoehorn your way into one of those crackerbox multiplex theaters? Probably the sixth or seventh sequel of a Sly-Eddie-Michael J.-Schwarzenegger movie, a rehashing of something that had all the appeal of tainted Spam the first time around.

For my money, one of the greatest values for movie hounds can be found on the small screen. That's right, television, and I'm not talking about Bart impon, dude. For less than the price of two seats and espresso at the Chez Artiste (that's "cheese artist," for those of you who don't speak ze French), you can get yourself a month of basic cable—and never have to leave the comfort of your own squalor.

Sure, you can pay a bundle for all those premium channels: a little Bunuel on Bravo, Joe Bob Briggs on the Movie Channel, the Chuck Bronson festival on Cinemax, T&A on the Plowboy Channel. But basic cable is all you really need, particularly if you're dedicated enough to get up at five in the morning and zap the commercials. You got your choice of Nick at Nite, documentaries on dwarf-tossing, faith-healing marathons, and a jillion movies on TNT: fresh prints of silent masterpieces like Eric von Stroheim's *Greed*, forgotten Americana like Elia Kazan's *A Face in the Crowd* (the story of Andy of Mayberry's evil twin), hard-to-find foreign flicks like H.G. Clouzot's *The Wages of Fear*, even crimes against nature like a colorized *Maltese Falcon* (what do you call colorized *film noir*? *Film pastel*?).

Of course, there are some classics that TNT missed. The best reason for having basic cable, in my opinion, is something called *Mystery Science Theater 3000*—a repository of the kind of low-budget, killer-B screen gems that even Ted Turner doesn't dare to air.

MST 3000 can be found on the otherwise-lame Comedy Channel (ch. 24 on Mile Hi Cable, 5 p.m. Saturdays), an oasis of bright satire in a wasteland of unfunny stand-up comics and vile Jerry Lewis movies. It's a weekly B-movie show hosted by a nerdy astronaut and his robot chums— a unique synthesis of puppet show, Creature Features, and the kiddie matinee, put together by an outfit called Best Brain Productions out of Minneapolis. The show's viewers seem to consist of a pack of 5-year-olds (whose crayon-scrawled fan letters are read on the air) and me, which means it's rapidly becoming a cult item.

The show has a low-tech, cheap-special-effects look to it, and the premise is something out of a 1950s sci-fi three-reeler: our hero, the nerdy Joel (Joel Hodgson), has been shot into space by mad scientists at the Gizmonic Institute. Every week they force him to watch "cheesy" movies and monitor his reaction. To relieve the agony, Joel has fashioned a few smart-mouth robots out of ordinary household appliances, notably Crow (a big-beaked catcher's mitt?) and Tom Servo (a gumball machine with arms). They get through each week's torture session by talking back to the screen, making wisecracks, ad-libbing and imitating the characters—in short, doing all the things you'd do in a movie theater if the people next to you didn't keep hissing you down, jabbing you in the ribs, and threatening to blow you away.

Actually, "cheesy" doesn't begin to do justice to the quality of these films. They are world-class turkeys, 99-cent specials, witless backlot no-hopers that rely heavily on stock footage from other sci-fi flicks and cardboard models of rocket ships: distinctively dreadful features like *Robot Monster*, *The Slime People*, and *Rocket Ship X-M*, plus old Commander Cody and Bela Lugosi serials. Occasionally, the fare also includes schlock from other genres: *Untamed Youth* (Mamie van Doren, the K-Mart version of Marilyn Monroe, sings and dances her way through a stint on a prison farm), *The Side Hackers* (a "mod" time capsule from the 1960s) *Jungle Goddess* (a b'wana movie), you name it.

Whatever else they may offer—atrocious acting, laughable dialogue, a complete breakdown of technique—these flicks do manage to be refreshingly unpretentious. And with Joel & Co.'s running commentary, they become truly sublime parodies of every rotten movie you ever sat through. The robots' chatter is full of allusions to commercials and old sitcoms, famous quips from other movies, and some heavy criticism of the actors' sex lives and nosehairs.

Why is it, Crow wonders, that the monster in *Robot Monster* (some bozo in an ape suit wearing a space helmet) has the technology to destroy all life on earth while preserving the cities, but he lives in a cave—"and not even a very good cave?" When Lugosi invents exploding spiders in *The Phantom Creeps*, Joel is quick to cash in with his own commercials peddling spiders like they were Ginzu knives or the Ronco Vegematic. For *The Side Hackers*—which celebrates an obscure biker trash-sport that lasted all of six weeks in swinging 1968—the boys come up with a play-by-play narration that emphasizes the sidehacker's risk of having his low-hanging butt turned into ground chuck.

You get the idea. Although the routines are scripted, the show has a manic, thrown-together atmosphere, much like the movies it rips apart. Try it and you'll be hooked, just like all those five-year-olds and me. You'll even want to send Joel, Crow, and Tom Servo your own drawings and fan letters, thanking them for rescuing you from big-budget disappointment.

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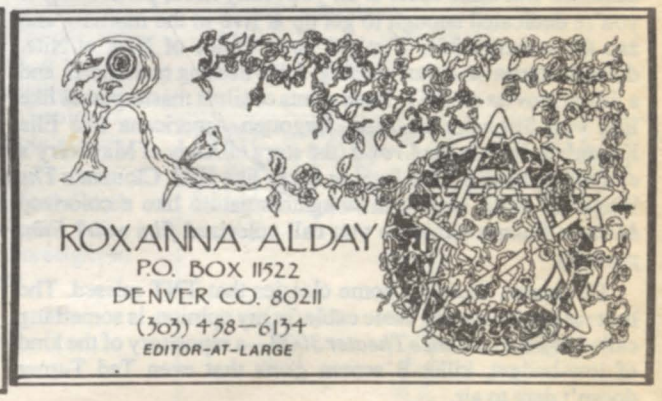

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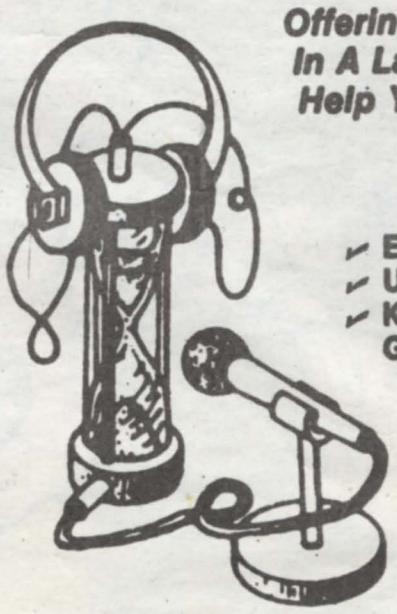

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